





THE
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H I S T O R Y

OF

LITTLE GRANDISON.

BY M. BERQUIN,

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDRENS' FRIEND. *LC*

The youthful Breast, when fir'd by Truth's bright Ray,
Burns clear and constant, as the Source of Day;
Like this, too, Truth, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the Mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's Gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into Bloom.

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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
LITTLE GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, APRIL 17.

YOU permit me to write to you, my dear
mama. What a consolation is this to my
heart! Alas, I have much occasion for it, sepa-
rated as I am from you.

Here am I in London, and in perfect health;
nevertheless I am sad, very sad, I assure you.
You will, perhaps, call me a silly child, when I
tell you that I wept during our whole journey,
whilst I thought on the last kiss that you gave me

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when

when we parted. But come, I will no longer trouble you with these complaints. I know how much you love me, why therefore should I afflict you?

What a fine city this is! and how populous! We have no town in Holland so large by one-half. I find every thing in this place very agreeable; but I do not find mama here. Ah, that spoils all.

You might well boast of your friend Mrs. Grandison. She is so good and so gentle, that one must love her as soon as one sees her. She held forth her arms to receive me at my arrival, just in the same manner as you do when you are pleased with me; and then Mr. Grandison! I cannot express to you how amiable he is. He shall be my model; and then I am sure, when I grow up, I shall be esteemed by every one. My papa was, doubtless, such another; for you have often told me how worthy a man he was. Ah, would I possessed such a parent now! how happy I should be! I would then, like young Grandison, obey him in every thing: my whole heart should be filled with love for him, though I would not love you the less. But heaven has not permitted this. However, it has left me a mother,



and so good a mother!—Come then, I am not so much to be pitied; there are few children so happy. Every day do I thank God for this blessing, and implore him to preserve you to me: but adieu, my dear mama; adieu, my little sister. I enclose for you, in this letter, a thousand kisses, and as many affectionate remembrances. Think of me sometimes. You are ever in my thoughts. Oh, when shall I see you again! When shall I embrace you! How long will this year appear to me! and how swiftly did time fly when we were together!

LETTER II.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 28.

YOUR letter, my dear son, has given me the most lively pleasure. The affliction which you manifest at our separation, proves to me that you have a heart of sensibility. The child who can bear an absence from his mother without concern, cannot love her: we must, nevertheless, listen to reason. We cannot always live together;

ther ; and to abandon ourselves without resistance to a fruitless grief, is a weakness at which we ought to blush ; learn therefore betimes to arm yourself with courage against the various events of life. The most happy lot is checkered with innumerable troubles, which we must accustom ourselves to bear from our earliest youth. Whenever you feel your spirits dejected, because I am not with you, you have only to think of the pleasure that we shall both have when we meet at the end of the year, and this thought will afford you consolation : in the mean while we will write to each other as often as possible. To write, is almost to speak. You see by this the benefit of those improvements, which your diligence has acquired. What would have become of you now, had you neglected your studies ! we should have been separated without being able to converse with each other.

You perceive Mr. Grandison is an estimable man, and wish to make him your model ! You delight me, my dear child. Such a choice is the beginning of virtue. Yes, your father was such another man ; and I am well assured that you know how to render yourself worthy the name of his

his son; and this is the sweetest consolation I have in my affliction for his loss.

Adieu, my dear William; embrace Mrs. Grandison for me. Give me a faithful account of all your occupations, and all your pleasures; but always write to me as if you were speaking: a letter ought to be natural, simple, and unstudied. Your little sister regrets your absence: she enquires after you a hundred times in the day; and complains that I am not so good a play-fellow to her as you were.

LETTER III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 8.

A Thousand and a thousand thanks, my dear mama, for your goodness in writing to me. I hastened to shew your letter to Mrs. Grandison. What an excellent mother you have! said she, after having read it. Yes, mama, answered I, she is another Mrs. Grandison; upon which she embraced me. My dear little boy, added she, since your mother has permitted you to write to

her, and enjoins you to give her an account of every particular which concerns you, you ought to omit nothing. Tell her of your studies, and of your amusements; and recount to her your conversations with my sons and my daughter: this will soften the pain of your absence. But, madam, said I, mama has always strictly forbidden me to speak of what passes in the family of another; she therefore only meant that I should speak of myself. Well, well, answered she, I permit you to tell her every thing that passes in our house. I have not a dearer friend in the world than your mama. I should myself confide all my secrets with her; and I charge you to do it for me. Oh, mama, how much pleasure does this permission give me! How many things shall I have to tell you of my friend Charles! Yes, it is of him that I wish most to speak. You know how he abounds in understanding, in wit, in sentiment, in goodness: we are always together. I love him each day more than the preceding. His brother Edward, who is older by two years, is by no means amiable; but the little Emily, their sister, Oh what a charming young lady!

Mrs. Grandison is just going to write to you, mama: she has asked for my letter to enclose in hers.

hers. I am sorry that I cannot chat longer with you : methinks I should never be tired of writing to you. I find as much difficulty in quitting my pen as I have pleasure in taking it up. Adieu, my dear mama ; be careful of your health. Continue to me your wise lessons, and, perhaps, I shall become as amiable as my friend Charles.

I tenderly embrace my little sister. I regret also that I have her not here to play with me ; and the more, as I find that she liked me so well for a play-fellow.

LETTER IV.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, MAY 18.

I Congratulate you, my dear son, on having such a friend as Charles. Some persons of my acquaintance, who have seen him at his father's house, speak of him as the most amiable of children. You see from this what we gain by good conduct, and by fulfilling our duty : we are beloved and esteemed by all the world. Edward, from infancy, has discovered something untrac-
table

table and savage in his character; but, my dear boy, take note of his bad qualities only to avoid them. Suffer not hatred to have a place in your heart. Edward is young; he may correct his faults; and until that happy change arrives, he is worthy the most tender compassion.

It appears, from Mrs. Grandison's letter, that she has taken an affection for you; this is an encouragement to you to do your best to merit the kind things that she says of you. Should she ever have cause to reproach you, you must be sensible how bitterly my heart would feel it. But no, my child, I know you too well; you will never cease to be the well-beloved of your mother. Adieu, my dear son.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, MAY 27.

CHARLES has written to you, my dear mama; Charles has written to you. You will find his letter enclosed in mine. What fine writing! how prettily he expresses himself! But have

have patience : it shall not be my fault if I do not soon do as well. I am only twelve years old, and he is thirteen. This makes the difference of a whole year, in which time I hope to improve much. Nothing would be wanting to complete my felicity, if you were but here, mama, to see how happy I am. All our studies are but so many different pleasures. We learn drawing, dancing, and music ; and we walk every day into the country, to acquire the knowledge of plants. Mr. Bartlet, who is a very learned man, comes to see us two or three times a week ; and we learn a great deal from his conversation. I am every day more sensible what a sad thing it is to be ignorant : there is so great an advantage in cultivating the mind ! and we have only to make our studies an amusement to us. Never fear ; I shall not lose my time in this house : I have too good an example in my friend Charles. An emulation reigns between us, which does not lessen our friendship ; but, on the contrary, we love each other the better for it. But I must leave off writing, for I am called to breakfast. Depart then, my letter, and tell my dear mama that I love her with all my heart. Say that I embrace her a thousand and a thousand times. I have only

only a little corner of paper left to tell my little sister how much she occupies my affection; but no matter, the largest piece would not suffice for that.



L E T T E R VI.

- CHARLES GRANDISON TO MRS. DANVERS.

LONDON, MAY 27.

WHAT obligations do I owe you, madam, for having sent us your son! You have given me, by so doing, a friend for life. If you did but know how much he delights in talking of you, and with what tenderness of affection he speaks! He talks to me often also of his father. When he described his death to me, we wept together: how happy, said he to me yesterday, are you to have still a father. How much is a poor child to be pitied who is deprived of his! Alas, it is to lose his dearest protection and best friend. How does it ever happen, that there should be children in the world who disobey their parents, and give them affliction by their vices? For my part, had I ever given my father the least subject

subject of complaint, I should never more have known a day of happiness. But you have yet a mother, answered I. Yes, he replied, I have one who cherishes me as tenderly as I love her. She has redoubled her cares for me since the death of my father; can I therefore fail to feel for her a double portion of respect and love? Why, am not I already grown up? I would partake with her of her labours; I would assist her to support her griefs. So long as I live will I convince her by my tenderness, that I am not unworthy of hers. I was too much moved to be able to make any answer: I could only embrace my friend. Ah, madam, he who honours his parents so truly, must needs be a faithful friend.

I cannot describe to you how diligent he is in all his studies. Mr. Bartlet is astonished at the progress that he makes: you must not, however, suppose that we are always serious. I assure you, we know very well how to amuse ourselves; and pleasure never appears so agreeable to us as after business. We run about in the country, we play at cricket, and at all kinds of games which require activity and address. Our lessons, our exercises, and our pleasures, have all their stated hours; and I can assure you, they are well filled up.

I know

I know not what you will think, madam, of the liberty that I have taken in writing you so long a letter; but I flatter myself you will pardon it, since the subject of it is so dear to you: I will not, however, encroach too far on your complaisance. Vouchsafe, I entreat you, to excuse my prattle, in consideration of my friendship for your son, as well as of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, madam,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON



LETTER VII.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 4

ENCLOSED in this I send an answer to the pretty letter which I have received from your friend Charles. I am delighted with what he has related to me of your sentiments towards me. Preserve them to me always, my son, and your mother will be ever happy.

I have

I have some melancholy news to tell you : you know young Vanberg ; he is just thrown into prison. A passion for play has been his destruction. He has almost brought his parents to ruin. It is not long since they paid a considerable sum for him, on his promise that he would play no more : but he returned to it again, and his losses are enormous. There is no way left for his parents to extricate him out of his difficulties, but by depriving themselves of bread. How unfortunate is this young man ! You know how amiable he was, but for this terrible passion to which he has given himself up. Every one pitied him at first ; but now he is despised by all. Oh, my son, place this example before your eyes as a preservative against so shocking an evil. Mrs. Grandison has just written to me, and tells me that you partake with her children of those studies which they are engaged in. With what bounty has heaven supplied to you the loss which you might have sustained by your mother's want of means to give you those acquirements suited to your birth. Be grateful to your benefactors, and ever bear in mind the duty that you owe them of profiting by their bounty, which you can fulfil only by your application ; lose not therefore

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therefore one moment : the past hour will never return to us. What pleasure shall I feel, when I perceive the mind of my son adorned with useful knowledge. What charms shall I then find in his conversation ! This hope softens the bitterness of our separation ; let it serve also to support your resolution under it. Yes, my son, I have already told you that heaven has not destined us to live always together ; but nothing will prevent us from loving each other, even should we be separated by a still greater distance. Adieu, my child ; fulfil your duties ; but without neglecting your amusements. It is your happiness only which can make mine.



LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

LONDON, JUNE 12.

WE are going into the country to-morrow, mama. How I shall divert myself there ! Charles has just been packing up a number of books to carry with us. ~~X~~ Our crayons are not forgotten. The whole country, as I am told, is
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one beautiful landscape: we shall exert ourselves to delineate it on paper. Little Emily carries her tambour with her, and intends to imitate with her needle, all the prettiest flowers of the fields. Though she is not yet twelve years old, she is ingenious to a wonder.

We are all three very glad to go into the country. Edward is the only one who dislikes it. I pity him. I think it a bad sign not to love the air of the fields. I will send you word for word, a conversation which he had just now with his brother and sister, at which I was present.

Emily. Do you know that our good friend Mr. Bartlet is to go with us into the country?

Charles. Yes; and I am very glad of it.

Edward. So am not I, for my part.

Charles. Why so, brother?

Edward. Because he is always finding fault with me.

Charles. Well, but then his reproofs will serve to amend you. For my part, I think, those who have the goodness to tell us of our faults, are our best friends: I esteem them much above those persons who flatter us.

[Is not Charles in the right, mama?]

Edward. I was in hopes at least, that we should be for awhile released from this cursed Latin, but I find it is no such thing; and that we are to go on every day with our exercises just the same as in town.

Charles. I hope so, and I see nothing very difficult in it, whilst Mr. Bartlet is with us; and besides that, he will instruct us in the knowledge of all the different plants in the country. What a pleasure there will be——

Edward. A great pleasure, truly, to be groping all day with our noses in the ground, like so many sheep after grass.

Charles. But, my dear Edward, you have not packed up your portmanteau yet?

Edward. I shall make one of the servants do it.

Emily. The servants are very busy to-day, brother.

Edward. Well, they must go to bed an hour the later then.

Emily. Oh fy! after they have been working hard all day, you would make them lose an hour's sleep?

Edward. A great misfortune, to be sure.

Emily. You might spare it them, however, by putting

putting up your things yourself: it would, I think, be much better to employ your time so than in teizing your dog.

Edward. My dog is my own, I hope.

Emily. Yes, but the servants are not.

Edward. I have no occasion for your lessons, miss; pray keep them for yourself.

They were both growing warm, but Charles took each by the hand; Come, my dears, said he, be friends; disputing between brothers and sisters is the greatest of evils. Here, Edward, since you chuse to stay here to amuse yourself, give me your key, and I will pack up your things whilst the servants dine.

What a good boy is Charles! said Emily: I love him with all my heart.

O mama, what a difference there is between these two brothers! and what amiable qualities are sweetness and complaisance! But adieu, I must leave off. I will not fail to write to you as soon as we are got into the country. Why are not you and my little sister of the party?

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 15.

HERE we are, my dear mama. What a pretty country house! charming walks all around us. The park is very extensive; and from my windows I see a landscape, the extremities of which are too distant for the eye to take in distinctly. The gardens are laid out with a neatness which charms you at first sight. Charles has one to himself, in which he is at liberty to sow and plant whatever he pleases. He ran to it as soon as we arrived. And do you know what he has done, mama? It is impossible for any one to be more noble or generous. He has given half a guinea to the gardener who took care of his garden during his absence. It was not necessary, to be sure, for him to make this present, as his father pays him handsomely: but the man has six small children. He is poor, and Charles is beneficent; I think therefore he did right: but Edward, it seems, thinks otherwise. I must relate to you their discourse on the subject. Edward

was

was by me: he saw the half guinea in the gardener's hand. He ran up to his brother.

Edward. Are you mad, Charles, to give so much money to this man? Does not my father pay him for his labour?

Charles. True, brother; but see what care he has taken with my garden. He deserves a little recompense: besides, the man is not rich, and he has a large family. We surely ought to take pity on the distressed.

Edward. Very true; but there is at least no occasion to give him more than his due.

Charles. Ah, brother, if our papa were to give us no more than our due, that would be but a very little.

Edward. And will you venture to tell him what you have done?

Charles. Without doubt: I hope never to do any thing which I shall be afraid to tell him.

Edward. You will have a good chiding, I promise you.

Charles. And I promise you, he will not chide me at all. I have often seen him give money to the same gardener, when he has been pleased with his work.

Edward.

Edward. My papa gives his own money, but what you give does not belong to you.

Charles. Pardon me, brother; it was the fruits of my œconomy which I was permitted to dispose of as I pleased; and I am sure I could not make a better use of it.

Edward. As if it would not be better to have purchased some squibs and crackers, and have made a little fire work to entertain mama on our arrival.

Charles. The fire works would have lasted but a moment; and after all, what are they? a sound, and a blaze: besides, they often cause accidents. No, no, my money will be laid out more usefully. The gardener will buy his children some shoes with it; and the poor little ones will not be forced to run barefooted amongst the stones and briers.

Edward, (with a sneer.) And what is it to us whether these children have shoes or not! I do not see that it concerns us.

Charles. But it concerns them, brother, and that is sufficient. Heaven forbid that we should only think of our own wants, and take no care about those of others. Ah, dear brother, let us
always

always pity the poor. They are our fellow-creatures.

Edward could not say a word in answer to this; but quitting us abruptly, began tormenting the cat that he saw asleep on the grass, a little way off us.

What do you say to all this, mama? I am ashamed for Edward, and I love Charles more than ever. Mrs. Grandison, I am sure, will receive more pleasure from the generosity of her son than she could have had from all the fireworks in the world. Oh, if ever I should be rich, I will take care not to shut up my purse from the poor. It must be so great a pleasure to assist a man when he wants it. Adieu, my dear mama, I am called to take a walk. How impatiently do I long for your letters: but when shall I have one from my little sister?

LETTER X.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 20.

I AM charmed with your last letter, my dear son. You have good reason indeed to prefer Charles's

Charles's way of thinking to that of Edward. What pleasure must his good heart have felt in the joy of the honest gardener! a pleasure which will be renewed as often as he sees the shoes on the feet of the poor children. The best way to merit riches is to employ them for the happiness of others. Mrs. Grandison has just sent me one of your drawings. I am charmed to see you so much improved by the instructions that you have had. If fortune should prove unfavourable to you, painting is an honourable profession, not beneath the son of a colonel. It will, at least, be an amusing occupation, which, by preserving you from idleness, will at the same time preserve you from those vices that idleness leads to. A love for the fine arts is the best guard in youth against the passions. The wish which you have so often expressed to receive some letters from your sister, has put her upon many reflections. O mama, said she to me last night, what a pretty thing it is to know how to write. When you read my brother's letters to me, it is just as if he were with us, as if he were talking to us. Pray, dear mama, let me soon have a writing master, that I may write to my brother; then it will be as if I were with him, as if I talked to him.

She pressed me so much, that I promised her a
master next month. She threw her arms round
my neck; Ah, mama, how learned I shall be!
Yes, I will deserve this favour. But what shall
I do in return for it? Learn well, my child,
said I. But, mama, to learn well is not for
your benefit, but for mine. Then it is for mine
also, answered I; is not the happiness of my
children the same as my own? Ah, mama, re-
plied she, but when shall I do something which
shall be for you alone! Is not this pretty from a
child of six years old? I took her in my arms
and pressed her to my heart. I embrace you,
my son, with the same tenderness.



LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JUNE 25.

AH, mama, a great misfortune has happened
to us. Edward has had the misfortune to
fall into the water. He is very ill, and so is
Mrs. Grandison also. We are all full of grief;
that you will see that Edward suffers from his
own

own fault: he is very happy in having escaped. Had it not been for timely help, he must certainly have been drowned. Yesterday, after dinner, not having finished his morning talk, Mr. Grandison ordered him to stay in his chamber to finish it: but behold his disobedience; he came down, notwithstanding these orders, and came after us: but I will relate the affair exactly to you as it happened.

We had been gone out about a quarter of an hour, intending to regale ourselves with some warm milk at a little farm house not far off. We soon heard Edward who ran after us, out of breath; we stopped to wait for him, concluding that he had obtained permission to be of our party: he joined us; and after having walked a few paces together, we met a little boy wheeling a barrow, in which there was a cask of vinegar. He was civilly turning out of our way, but in so doing, he overturned the wheelbarrow, and the cask of vinegar fell to the ground. The poor child was in sad perplexity, because he was not strong enough to put it back in the barrow, and he saw no grown person at hand to assist him. Charles, the good Charles, immediately ran to him: Come William, come Edward, come

ne, we must help this good little boy; we may
surely find strength between us four to replace
his cask. Oh yes, truly, said Edward, it would
become us mightily to employ ourselves in such
an office. And why not? said Charles: me-
thinks it is never misbecoming to do a good
action: but, however, you may stand by if you
please; you shall see that we three will do it.
We immediately went to work, and in an instant
the barrow was set upright, and the cask placed
upon it, though Edward did nothing all the
while but sing and laugh at us. The little boy
was overjoyed, and after thanking us went his
way. Why Charles, said Edward, this is won-
derful; it gives me pleasure to see that you would
make an excellent vinegar merchant. Well
another, said Charles, if I should be one, and
should ever have the misfortune to let fall my
cask, I shall be very glad to find any one good-
natured enough to assist me. Well, you may
try, said Edward, but what do you think papa
would say if he knew what you had done. He
would love his son the better for it, said Emily.
Papa is goodnatured, and had he been in Charles's
place he would have done the same. Fye, said
Edward, I blush for you both; it is very pretty

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indeed

indeed for persons of our condition to meddle with the affairs of the common people. Oh said Charles, if they want us sometimes, we have much more occasion for them. We have assisted this little boy, but who knows but his assistance may be one day necessary to us.

You will see presently, mama, that Charles was in the right.

We were scarcely got to the farm house, when Edward proposed to us to go into a little boat which was there floating in a small pond. Emily and Charles refused, saying, that their papa had expressly forbidden them. Pshaw, he'll know nothing of it, said Edward. But brother, answered Charles, we ought never to do any thing which our papa should not know. Very well said Edward, then I will go and take a run in the meadow, for it is no diversion to me to sit here. We thought that this was his design : but would you believe it, mama, instead of going as he had said, into the meadow, he made a turn round the house, and then went into the boat about half an hour after this, we heard one call out for help : we ran along with the farmer and his son ; but what was our consternation, when we saw the boat overturned, and the unfortunate

Edward

Edward hidden under the water. A little boy was dragging him by the skirt of his coat, but had not strength to get him out of the water: it was he who cried for help. The farmer immediately plunged into the water, and got them both out; but Edward was without sense or motion. Emily cried most pitifully. As for my part, I was so struck, that I could not speak. Charles was the only one who preserved presence of mind: he immediately gave orders to have his brother carried into the farmer's house, in order to recover him from his swoon. He then begged his sister to compose herself. I will go back to my papa, in order to prevent his being told abruptly of this unhappy accident. In the meanwhile take care of my brother.

Do not you admire these wise and tender precautions, mama?

But what were the agitations of his parents when they heard his recital? Mrs. Grandison hinted: Mr. Grandison, after having given her the necessary assistance, ran to his son. They had just carried him into the house: every one thought him dead. In spite of all his firmness, Mr. Grandison could not forbear shedding tears. How well does a good father love his

Edward children?

children? he forgets all their faults when he sees them in danger. After much pains Edward was at length brought to himself: but he is still in bed in a high fever. Thus has he been punished for his disobedience; he has been at the point of losing his own life, and of being the death of his parents. This will serve as a lesson to me, to be always docile and submissive. Adieu, my dear mama, you shall soon hear from me again. How many things have I to say to my little sister on the affecting scene she had with you, but I will reserve them for our correspondence.

L E T T E R XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 2.

MRS. Grandison is much better: Edward nearly recovered, and I hope that this adventure will render him more wise in future. I told you in my last letter of a little boy who saved Edward by holding the skirt of his coat, but I forgot to tell you, that it was the little vineyard carrier whom we had just assisted in replacing

task on the barrow. Charles said very right when he observed, that we know not what occasion we may have for the assistance of others. It must have been all over with Edward if we had not chanced to assist this little boy; for had we left him in the road with his wheelbarrow overturned, he would not have been in the way to have seen the accident which happened afterwards to Edward, nor to have thrown himself into the water to support him whilst he called out for assistance. But I must relate to you a conversation which we had on the subject yesterday after dinner, whilst we were with Mr. Grandison in the sick chamber of Edward.

You are very good, said Edward, to come and bear me company.

Charles. Would not you do the same for us brother if we were ill?

Edward. But perhaps William had rather go and take a walk.

William. No, I assure you, Edward. It is pleasure enough for me to see that you get better.

Emily. Especially when we think how near we were to lose you.

Edward. That is very true, had it not been for that brave little boy, it would have been all over with me.

Mr. Grandison. I am very glad to hear you make this reflection, my dear; you now see, as Charles observed to you, that we cannot foresee how soon we may have occasion for the very person who seems to stand most in need of us.

Edward. You are right, papa, and I feel much regret in not having assisted this little boy, who was afterwards to do me so great a piece of service.

Mr. Grandison. I am well satisfied, my child, that you are convinced you were wrong: you have only now to bear in mind your deliverer, and it may one day be your turn to render him a benefit. Till that time arrives, you may in some sort acquit yourself towards him, by assisting all those whom you see in distress. You may also draw this very useful lesson from your misfortune, never to despise those who are beneath us in rank. What would a young gentleman have done for you, had he been in the place of our little vinegar carrier? He would, no doubt, have contented himself with calling out for help, without giving you any himself; and for fear of wetting his foot in the pond, he would have suffered you to perish before his eyes. Our little boy, on the contrary, more courageous and more compassionate

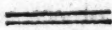
fionate

you generous, boldly threw himself into the water after
e, as you, at the hazard of his own life. You had a
refuse a few moments before refused him a little service,
per- which would have cost you but a slight effort;
and notwithstanding your unkindness to him, he
feel was not afraid to risk his own life to save yours.
boy, You have never yet, and perhaps never may know
ce of another action which equals this. Tender pa-
rents, a brother, a sister, a friend, all owe to this
child, poor boy a beloved object which they were on
you the point of losing: society owes to him one of
erer, its children, who may one day be of use to it.
him a let us take care then not to despise our fellow-
some creatures, in whatever rank fortune may have
g all placed them, since little people may sometimes be
also of greater use to us than great ones.

My eyes were filled with tears, my dear mama,
rank during this discourse of Mr. Grandison: I felt
ne for all he said at the bottom of my heart. Oh! yes,
vine- have often had occasion to observe, that the
ntent- lower class of people are by much the most help-
without al when any accident makes their assistance need-
etting al: and those cannot be bad who are thus dis-
d you posed to succour their brethren.

on the Adieu, my dear mama, we are to dine to-
mpas morrow with Mr. Grandison's sister: it is several
onate miles

miles from hence. I am obliged to leave off. We must go to bed early to-night, in order to be up betimes in the morning. Edward cannot go with us, for which he is so sorry, that I really pity him: here again is another punishment for his fault. I will give you an account of our visit. Write to me, pray, my dear mama; at least till my little sister is able to be your secretary.



L E T T E R XIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 5.

WE have had a great deal of pleasure, my dear mama, at lord and lady Campley's. I wish you could have seen how well my friend Charles behaved in the midst of a numerous company. Another young boy, about his age, was there also: what a difference between Charles and him! the latter stiff and affected, perpetually bowing and admiring his clothes, at the same time so awkwardly bashful, that he could not look any one in the face. Charles, on the contrary, has a noble and modest assurance, together with

the greatest ease and civility. He listens to others with attention, and speaks but little; but what he says is full of grace and justness, and every one hears him with pleasure. He distinguishes to a nicety what is due to every one in company. Respectful towards his superiors either in rank or age, polite to his equals, and affable to his inferiors. He pays the most delicate attention to all without appearing ceremonious. I will give you an instance of this. We went to take a walk in the garden; a young lady of the company had forgotten her hat; she soon found the sun very troublesome. Charles quickly observed this, and before she could return back to the house for her hat, she perceived Charles bringing it to her: he asked her leave to put it on her head himself, which he did with all imaginable politeness: yes, assure you, he is like a grown man in company. After dinner he played a very difficult piece on the harpsichord, and received the applauses of all. Oh! if I were but as amiable as he is, how happy should I be! were it only that I should give you more pleasure, mama. The two daughters of Lady Campley are very well brought up. The eldest, whose name is Charlotte, sings admirably:

Emily

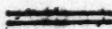
Emily loves her tenderly, they have engaged to write to each other.

But I must not forget to tell you of what happened to us on our return. Mr. and Mrs. Grandison, with Emily and a lady who accompanied them, went in the first carriage: Mr. Bartlett, Charles, and I, in the second: we had scarcely gone two miles before we saw a poor old man at the foot of a tree. Charles made the coachman stop, and turning to Mr. Bartlett said, Look, I pray you, Sir, at this old man: he appears to be blind and there is no one near him: What will become of the poor wretch? Will you permit me to go and ask him a few questions? With all my heart, my dear, answered the worthy Mr. Bartlett. Charles immediately alighted from the carriage and ran to the poor man. Who are you, friend, said he; and how came you to be alone in this solitary place?—Alas! answered the blind man, I live above two miles from hence: I went out this morning to ask charity in a village somewhere hereabouts, I don't know on which side; and my guide, a very naughty boy, refused to lead me home again, because I had not gathered money enough in the day to pay him as I used. I have no other hope but in heaven, who perhaps will

fe

ed to and some one to my relief. But, said Charles,
is just sun set, and it will soon be night, and
t hap that will become of you here? I must perish
Gran men in misery, answered the blind man: No,
panied plied Charles, I will be that person whom hea-
Bartle en has sent to your relief. Oh! Mr. Bartlet,
arcel did he, coming back to us, do not deny me the
man a elight of saving a miserable poor old blind man,
chma who is on the point of perishing if we do not take
I pra ty on him. Night approaches; what will be-
blind ome of this poor creature if no body assists him?
becom e lives but two miles off, what hinders our
e to g king him in our carriage? Yes, Charles, said
hear Mr. Bartlet, follow the dictates of your generous
Bartle art. Charles had no sooner received this an-
arriage ver, than he took the old man by the hand and
friend ut him into the coach. Any other besides my
in the end might perhaps have felt some false shame
d man riding by the side of a poor man in tattered
rent o boots, but he, on the contrary, seemed to think
newhe mself honoured by it. We had no occasion to
and m o far out of our road to put this poor man into
lead n s cottage. I saw Charles slip some money into
d mon s hand as he went out of the carriage, and we
I ha rted after receiving from him a thousand blef-
aps w gs. On our return home every body bestowed
fe prais

praises on this act of humanity. But, said Emily, this man, with his long beard and his rags, must have an odd figure in a chariot. Ah! sister, said Charles, I had so much pleasure in giving relief to a distressed creature, that I did not think about his accoutrement. Mr. Grandison could not refrain his tears: he held out his arms to his son who threw himself into them; whilst he tenderly pressed him to his heart. Oh! mama, my eyes were filled during this affecting scene. This chariot will ever appear to me like a triumphal car to my friend.



LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 12.

I THANK you, my dear mama, for your kind letter: it is a long time since you have written to me: I feared that you were displeased with me. Do you know what I do? I always carry the last letter that I receive from you in my bosom, that I may have it at hand to read over again the good lessons which you always

give me, and I seem to myself the better every
time I read it.

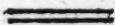
Yesterday was Mrs. Grandison's birth day;
Charles rose very early; he was much longer at
his devotions that day than usual; he was pray-
ing, no doubt, for his dear mama, as I do for
you on your birth day. He appeared to us
dressed in a new suit; you would have been
charmed with his fine air: but before I proceed
I must go back a little in my narrative.

It is near a month since Edward and Charles
had each of them a new summer suit, which they
had chosen themselves. Edward put his on the
first day, but Charles continued to wear his old
one, which was still however very neat. His
father asked him the reason of this; he answered,
that he reserved his best dress for a visit of cere-
mony. Do not you perceive, mama, that this
visit of ceremony is that which he is to pay his
father this morning? How amiable is Charles!
And what a fine turn of thought there is in every-
thing he does. Emily had already knocked at
our door, and was waiting for us impatiently.
We went down together, and found Mr. and
Mrs. Grandison at breakfast in the saloon. Charles
was the first who congratulated his mother on her

birth day : he knelt before her, and respectfully kissed her hand. Oh! if I could but recollect all that he said! but I was too much moved to remember the words. Emily followed, and witnessed her mother joy in the most pleasing and graceful terms. Mrs. Grandison pressed her two children to her bosom, kissing them with tenderness. Their father then embraced them, while I made my compliments in the best manner I could : they were at least sincere, for I truly love my worthy benefactors. Edward came in just after : I know he loves his mama : Who, indeed, does not love her? but yet his manners do not please me like those of Charles. The one does every thing in a more agreeable way than the other. Mrs. Grandison made every one of us a present. Emily received a pretty pair of bracelets, Charles and Edward had each a watch. Would you believe it, since yesterday only Edward's is already out of order? as for me, dear mama, I have a fine microscope : this is of more value to me than all the toys in the world. Oh! the good Mrs. Grandison! how have I merited this gift?

In the evening we had a large company from all the neighbouring houses : Charles did not
honor

honours of the table like a grown man. He served the meat, he filled the glasses, he served the ladies; in a word, he acquitted himself of his employment to admiration. Here is a very long letter, mama, but I am talking of my friend, and to you: no wonder, then, that I know not when to conclude; and I cannot do it now without sending a tender embrace to my sister, which she shall give back to you.



L E T T E R X V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 15.

EVERY day here brings new pleasures with it, my dear mama. Your son is now become a gardener. Will you lend me your assistance, said my friend to me the other day? I want to turn up afresh the ground in my garden: the flower season is past, and I have a mind to sow some sallad to regale my mama during the remainder of the summer. Will I? said I, yes, certainly; you always oblige me when you give me an opportunity of doing any thing for you.

We dressed ourselves in light waistcoats, and each being equipped with his spade, we cleared the garden that very evening. We gathered up with care all the roots, in order to put them under ground before we went away. Yesterday we rose at five in the morning: we do not allow ourselves to sleep late, because we cannot transplant any thing during the heat of the day. This morning we returned early to our work, and had the pleasure to finish it before breakfast. We only wait now to see our roots and our seeds spring up, and we shall employ this interval in extirpating the weeds. What pleasure we shall have in seeing our plants grow up! Hitherto we have, like other children, seen the productions of nature without paying any attention to them; but Charles has taught me to make reflections on all that I see. I will give you an example of this in a conversation which we held yesterday. I do not know whether I ever told you that Charles has a pretty aviary filled with all sorts of birds, which he takes the care of himself. We had just finished our gardening, and were taking a walk with Emily; stop a moment, said Charles, I must leave you, I have not yet looked after my birds to-day.

Emily

Emily. We will go with him, shall we, William?

William. With all my heart, Emily.

Charles. You are very good to come and visit my little pensioners.

William. Oh! the pretty creatures! how pleased they seem to be at seeing you.

Charles. Because they are used to eat out of my hand.

William. One would think they knew you.

Charles. I flatter myself that I am a little known by them: I observe, however, that when I have my hat on they fly from me as if I were a stranger: the instinct of my dog is more certain; I believe he would know me under any disguise whatsoever.

Emily. I wish Edward would learn of you to be more careful: Did not he suffer his linnet to die of hunger the other day? Oh! if ever I should have a bird, I will take care not to forget it.

Charles. You are in the right; we ought certainly to think of these poor little animals, since they are taken out of that state in which they might provide for their own wants.

Emily. But would it not be better to let them

Emily

fly away than to keep them prisoners here? We only confine those who have done wrong to others, and surely these little birds have hurt no one.

Charles. True, they have not; but they are not unhappy in their cages. Had they indeed ever enjoyed their liberty, I should have taken care not to deprive them of it: but they were born in their prison; and I would lay a wager if we were to open it, they would be afraid to fly out.

Emily. Nevertheless, they see other birds flying about at liberty in the air. What should we think if we were shut up thus?

Charles. Why, we should think that it is very agreeable to be at liberty, and a very foolish thing to be a prisoner. But these birds have no idea of this difference; provided you give them sufficient to eat and drink they are content. They enjoy what they have, without thinking of what they have not.

Emily. I am very glad to be made easy on that head. My aunt Campley has promised me a Canary bird, and I intended as soon as I received it, to let it fly away; but you may convince me now, my pretty bird; I will take good care of you.

? We you; you shall have plenty of seeds in your cage,
 ng to in spite of the winter, when other birds can
 urt no scarcely find any under the snow.

You see, mama, what a good girl Emily is.
 I dare say, my little sister will not think this
 indeed better too long. I give it as a model for her to
 e taken imitate.

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 18.

CHARLES, Edward, and I, dined yester-
 day at Mr. Friendly's. He has a son about
 very far our age, with whom we were very happy. You
 have shall partake, my dear mama, of a conversation
 ive the which we had on this subject at our return.
 conten Emily came to meet us, and asked, with a plea-
 thinking ant air, if we had spent our day agreeably.

Yes, my dear sister, answered Charles, but it
 fy on the would have been more so had you been of our
 ed me party.

as I Emily. You are very good, brother; but,
 nay con Edward, you don't seem very well pleased with
 d care our visit.

Edward.

Edward. True enough; I will stay at home another time. Young Friendly does not suit me at all.

Charles. How so, dear Edward? when he is so gentle and so polite!

Edward. He appears to me more like a man of forty than a boy of fourteen.

Charles. This is the very thing that I like in him. Do not you think it surprizing to have acquired so much wisdom and knowledge at his age?

Edward. What business had he to make parade to us of his knowledge in natural philosophy? What would you say if I were to talk to a young lady about the beauties of the Latin tongue? would it not be very impolite on my part?

Charles. Doubtless, because you know, he is not brought up to understand that language. But young Friendly could not but suppose that we were as well instructed as himself, for I believe him too modest to wish to humble us; and he only meant to entertain us for a moment with his electrical experiments. I own they gave me the more pleasure, because it appeared to me that this kind of knowledge was not above the

each of our capacity; and it has inspired me with fresh ardour to make myself acquainted with all those sciences which have the study of nature for their object.

Edward. But what say you to seeing a young man of fashion with a turner's lathe?

Charles. Why, it is much to my liking; and I shall beg of my papa to give me one.

Emily. Oh do, pray Charles; you will turn such pretty things in ivory.

Edward. Truly, you make me laugh now. Charles Grandison become a turner! an excellent conceit this. What a good trade it will be, never you become poor.

Charles. This is no joke, brother; there have been people much above us in condition, who have fallen into poverty. Though I hope never to have occasion for the art of turning to gain a livelihood, it is nevertheless an amusing occupation, and gives handiness and ingenuity. I shall take it up sometimes by way of relaxation, when I am tired with study.

Oh, my dear mama, if you were but rich enough to give me a turning lathe! but do not let this disturb you; I shall have the use of my own and Charles's. Young Friendly turned before

us an ivory box, which he gave to me. I sent it to my little sister till I can make her of myself.



LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 22

MR. and Mrs. Grandison are gone to spend a few days at a friend's house; and Mr. Bartlet is just set off for London: we remain therefore, my dear mama, by ourselves, with only an old waiting woman, and a small number of the domestics. Emily manages every thing in the absence of her mother: yes, indeed, she gives orders to all, and with as much discretion as if she were twenty years of age. Is not this very pretty in so young a lady? She is not yet twenty years old, and the servants respect her already as if she were their mistress. Do you know why it is because she always treats them with kindness, without descending to familiarity. She follows in this the example of her brother Charles. You cannot imagine how much he is beloved

honour

I feel honoured by all the people in the house. Edward, on the contrary, is always at play with them, and yet they cannot bear him. It is true, he is continually playing them malicious tricks, and frequently treats them with insupportableughtiness. Oh, that he had but gone with his papa and mama: now that they are no longer at hand to check him, there is no keeping him in order. Charles, Emily, and I, follow our agreeable studies in the same manner as if Mr. and Mrs. Grandison were here: but Edward takes advantage of their absence to spend the day in idling, and running about the fields. Nay, he even tries to divert us from our studies, as if he thought our application a reproach to idleness. One day we were all yesterday morning in one corner of the study room busy at our drawing. Edward amused himself with a fly at the end of a thread; and under pretence of following it, came up to us, and jogged our chairs, in order to hinder our business. Emily, carried away by her vivacity, was going to rebuke him smartly, but Charles prevented her; and addressing himself with generosity to his brother, said, My dear Edward, if you wish to play, do so; but why must you interrupt us?

Edward.

Edward. Don't you see I am only following the fly?

Emily. That is very likely indeed.

Charles. Tell me now, without putting yourself in a fret, what pleasure can a boy of your age find in such an amusement? it is tormenting a poor animal without any necessity.

Edward. Well, well, I'll let him go, provided you will take a walk with me in the garden.

Charles. That is as much as to say, if I refuse you, you will continue to torment the poor fly; and yet it will not be the fault of the poor insect if I should.

Edward. This is always the way: you never like to do what I desire you.

Charles. Hark ye, Edward; it is in my opinion much better to do what papa desires, and he wishes me to employ this hour in work.

Edward. As if he were here to oblige us now?

Emily. Are we to do nothing but by force?

Edward. You are both of you always against me.

Charles. No, brother, we are not; and though Emily is very right in what she says, yet to tell you that I do not always refuse you, here I

ready to follow you. I will finish my drawing another time. Let us go into the garden. It is always a pleasure to me to oblige you.

They were hardly got to the end of one of the talks before a heavy shower fell, which obliged them to come in again, to the great regret of Edward. Charles, in order to console him, proposed that we should amuse ourselves by reading a little antient history. I want none of your books, replied Edward furlily: I am to be an officer: I have no occasion to be a learned man. Charles. Well, and do you think that the knowledge of history will be useless to you?

Emily. A pretty officer indeed, who can talk of nothing but bombs and cannons!

Edward made a face at his sister, and wanted to oblige us to play at puffs in the corner, and to make John to make a fifth. But Charles, who with all his sweetness of disposition is capable of the greatest firmness, answered him, No, brother, it was not my fault just now that I did not gratify your humour, but the rain prevented it. I then proposed to you another amusement, which you might have been satisfied with, but you did not approve it, though my sister and my friend are here very well pleased; I think therefore I may give

way to a reasonable taste rather than to your caprices.

Edward, who knows very well that his brother is not easily turned from his resolution, left the room grumbling: and, in spite of the rain, ran into the court to play with a great mastiff, whom he is grown very fond of for the sake of teizing him. He did not return in less than an hour almost wet to the skin, and covered from head to foot with dirt. As for our part, during this interval, after having read the life of Epaminondas, which had given us infinite pleasure, we had time also to take up our drawings and finish them. An opportunity happened after dinner to send them to Mr. Grandison, and this morning we have had the pleasure of hearing that he was very well pleased. But what must he think of Edward, who has sent him nothing? I am quite afflicted at this. I would give any thing in the world that he were as good, as amiable, as diligent as his brother; then nothing would be wanting to complete the happiness of his parents. I see with regret how much pain he causes them. Oh, my dear mama, may I never see the day in which I shall give you pain! No, no, be assured I never can, whilst I think of your tenderness.

me. I am too sensible of what I ought to be to render myself worthy of it. I dare even promise that I will never give you cause for any thing but satisfaction: I expect that my little sister will give you the same assurance, and I embrace her tenderly for this good resolution. Adieu, my dear mama.

LETTER XVIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

JULY 24.

ONE of the servants of the house is ill. You will see whether it be possible to have more feeling and compassionate heart than the good Emily. She arose this morning by break of day, in order to give a medicine herself to the poor sick maid. She could not rest till she had seen her take it entirely, because it was strictly ordered by the physician. One would think to see her, that it was a beloved sister whom day after day she attended. How amiable it is in a young lady to have so much humanity! Edward, as usual, had some fault to find. It becomes you

much, said he, to wait upon your own servant. And why not, brother, answered Emily? do not you play at nine-pins with them? If it be their duty to serve us whilst they are in health, it is equally ours to take care of them in sickness: besides, poor Peggy has frequently watched over me during the ailments of my infancy. What I now do for her is at least no more than she has done for me: and I think of the pleasure that I should feel, were I in her place, in every mark of attachment shewn me. Edward felt himself ashamed, and left the room hastily. Ah, said I to myself, Emily does not know what I have seen my dear mama do. When our poor Nanny had a fever, it was mama that took the whole care of her: but this recollection brought a sorrowful thought with it. There are such a number of servants in this house! and you, my dear mama, have but one to do every thing for you. How unfortunate is this! You must needs be forced to do a number of things very ill suited to the widow of a colonel. And then, if my sisters were but big enough to assist you! But no, she only encreases your trouble: and I, what do I do here; instead of being with you to comfort and support you with all my power? This new reflection

fection cuts me to the heart. There is only one thing which softens it; it is the hope, that by attending to my education, I may one day be in a situation to put an end to your troubles. What new courage does this sweet hope give me! Adieu, my dear mama. I embrace you with tears of joy and sorrow.

LETTER XIX.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

AMSTERDAM, AUGUST 6.

HOW I love your young Emily! Yes, my dear son, there is no virtue more amiable than humanity. It were much to be wished, that every young lady would follow this fine example; and instead of tormenting the servants, would learn to treat them with goodness. How is it possible to be insensible of the pleasure of being beloved by those who surround us? But why are you afflicted, my dear son, at my having but one servant? it is no happiness to have a multitude of domestics; there is more of this new than real use in it. Every servant in a house

announces some additional want in the master or mistress of it, and subjects them to additional cares. Had I the means, I should, no doubt, have about me those attendants which my situation in life would require. I should look upon this as a duty, as it would be the means of giving support to many poor people, who might otherwise want employment. But since heaven has not thought fit to afford me riches, I do not think that I am to be pitied for having only a single domestic: it is as much as is necessary. I have no occasion for more attendance than hers.

And now, my dear child, tell me what are those occupations which you say do not become the widow of a colonel! You certainly did not reflect on what you were saying. There is no disgrace in serving ourselves, when we are in a condition to pay for the services of others. Will it not be better, after my death, that you should have it to say, my mother herself prepared our simple repasts; our clothes were the work of her hands; scarcely could she procure for us what was necessary, but nevertheless she owed no one any thing;—than to have this reproach thrown on you; your parents, it is true, are

livesties

ired according to their rank and birth; they had a superb house, magnificent furniture, a train of domestics, but all this is left unpaid for. What, in such circumstances, would be the son of a colonel? a despised young man, who, notwithstanding his own innocence, would be stigmatized for the faults of his parents, whilst a man of honour, of the most common birth, would scarce acknowledge him as his equal. What I have now said to you, will, I hope, put an end to your concern on my account, because it will shew you that I am perfectly satisfied with my destiny.

As for the rest of your letter, my dear son, the sensibility of your heart, and those affecting marks of tenderness with which it is filled, made me shed tears of joy. Were I still poorer than I am, I should think myself rich in the possession of so virtuous a son. Adieu, my dear child; continue to follow the dictates of your happy disposition, and you will ever be the consolation of the most tender of mothers.

Your little sister was touched in the most lively manner by your letter; and I have remarked, that she has ever since redoubled her application and docility. O my children, may you always thus encourage each other in the practice of your duties!

L E T.

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12.

OH, my dear mama, what a terrible misfortune was I witness to the other day! I have not yet recovered from my terror. No, I have not the power to relate it to you; I will therefore send you copies of the letters which Emily and Charles wrote to their parents, to inform them of it; together with their answers. You will see by them how much humanity reigned in this generous family. Read, pray read.

LETTER XXI.

EMILY GRANDISON TO HER MOTHER.

AUGUST 7.

WE have been in the greatest consternation this night, my dear mama. The house of our neighbour Mr. Falston is entirely burnt down. What dreadful flames! The sky was

ed as blood. My heart beat ; I wept. It is such a melancholy thing for the father of a family to lose all his substance ! What strict precautions ought we to take against fire, since one moment may produce so terrible a misfortune. It was the Miss Faltons who were the cause of this. Yesterday evening, unknown to any one, they got some lighted coals out of the kitchen, and carried them up into a little spare room, in order to toast a crumpet, which they had procured in secret. A little while after, they had heard their papa call them : hastily eating up their half-toasted crumpet, they ran down to him. Their bed-room soon came, and they went up into their apartment without thinking any more of the lighted coals, which they had left in the little room. The fire, doubtless, first took hold of the waistcoat, and from thence the floor and the furniture. In short, about two o'clock in the night, whilst all the family were asleep, the whole house was in flames. See, mama, how heaven has punished them ! For the sake of eating a paltry crumpet, they have reduced their father's house to cinders ! Now they lament ; they ask pardon ; they are almost dead with grief : but does all this avail ? The fire has consumed their whole property ;

perty : they could neither save furniture, papers or money. Scarcely could the young ladies escape with only a slight covering over them : and Mr Falston himself was near losing his life. He is terribly burnt in many parts of his body ; and must have perished in the midst of the flames, had it not been for the courage of one of his servants. What will now become of the pride of these young ladies ? Yesterday so rich, to-day so poor. They treated the peasants with contempt, because they had not fine houses. To-day they feel it a favour, that these very peasants will, out of pity receive them into their cottages. In how short time may pride be humbled ! Oh surely, it is a sad thing not to treat our inferiors with affability when we are liable ourselves to stand in need of the compassion of the lowest of them.

This letter is already so long, that I fear to be troublesome to you, my dear mama : nevertheless though I hardly dare tell you what I have done I have yet something to say to you. Will you pardon your Emily ? Oh, yes, you are so good and so compassionate ! The poor Miss Falston have lost all their clothes in the fire. Not a thing saved. I have sent the youngest, who is about my size, one of my gowns and some linen.

I con

could wish to have sent her more; but all that
possess belongs to you; I therefore cannot dis-
pose of it without your consent. I must entreat
you to approve of the liberty that I have taken;
and I promise in future to be the better œconomist
for it. You have no occasion to replace what I
have given. Thanks to your goodness, I have
enough left. Adieu, my dear mama. Embrace
my papa for me: and both of you be assured of
my respect and tenderness.

LETTER XXII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 8.

Take the liberty, my dear papa, to make an
humble petition to you, in behalf of an un-
fortunate family. Can this emotion of my heart
please you? No, I do not fear it: your own
too full of goodness and compassion!

You have been informed, by Emily's letter to
mama, of the cruel misfortune which has befallen
Falcon; but not the whole of it. Emily
could only tell you of the house and effects; but
he

he is also on the point of losing his last shilling. He has creditors who forbore to press him while he was rich ; but now that his security seems doubtful, they insist upon payment without delay and have already threatened him with a seizure of all his property. On a visit, which I paid him, I heard him say to Nelson the attorney, that his debts did not amount to more than two hundred pounds. 'This is but a small sum. May he, for want of this, after having suffered so terrible a misfortune, be deprived of the only means left him of breeding up his family, and be himself a prey to want in his old age? Heaven forbid that we should suffer it! Now, papa, I'll tell you what I have thought : the legacy which my uncle left me, is, you know, five thousand pounds. I think this a great sum. It is in your hands and you may dispose of it. I surely may give two hundred pounds to extricate an honest man from such an embarrassment. I shall be rich enough after, as you have the goodness to allow every year, the interest to the principal of the legacy. I entreat, papa, that you will not refuse my request. It gives me a thousand times more pleasure than the two hundred pounds ever could. Oh, if I should but preserve from indigence

unha

happy man, and his two children, what a happiness this will be for me! Permit me to resemble you on this occasion, you who are so beneficent. Do not you instruct me to be so? If you were here, I would throw myself at your feet: I could ardently supplicate —. But there is no occasion; your wisdom must decide on my request. My duty is a blind submission to your will: a profound respect for your virtues, and the most tender love for your person.

Vouchsafe, I beseech you, to present to my mama my most lively sentiments of respect and tenderness.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRANDISON TO HIS SON.

AUGUST 9.

YOU say, my dear son, that you have learned of me to be beneficent. I have, without doubt, always laboured to render your heart sensible of the misfortunes of your fellow-creatures. The love of our brethren, besides the happiness which it yields us, is of all things what renders

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us

us most acceptable to the supreme Being. The petition that you make me is a proof of the generosity of your heart ; and so laudable a request deserves its recompence. The sentiments by which I see you actuated, are to me far more valuable than two hundred pounds. You will find enclosed a Bank bill of that sum. Fly then, and soothe the distress of the unhappy Falston ; and, at the same time, enjoy the noblest delight of a grateful soul. But as for your uncle's legacy, that neither you or I can touch before you are of age. I will hold it as your guardian, not as your father. Adieu, my dear son ; receive the embraces of your father and mother, who love you more than ever.

L E T T E R XXIV.

MRS. GRANDISON TO HER DAUGHTER

OH, were I but with you, my dear Emily, with what transport would I press you to my bosom ! Yes, I approve entirely of your having succoured the distressed Miss Falston ; and I intend, by way of recompence, to give you a better occasion of tasting the sweets of doing good than

You will find, in my wardrobe, a piece of stuff, which I meant for a gown for myself: it will be enough for both the young ladies; and if I judge right of the heart of my Emily, she will have more pleasure in this destination of it than had I made it in her favour. Adieu, my dear child; never forget the lesson which you have given to yourself in your letter, never to be proud of the possessions of this world, since a single night may deprive us of them all; nor haughty to your fellow-creatures, since you may stand in need of their assistance at the moment when you least think it. Always keep in mind the terrible event which you have described to me; and never cease to be aware of the danger of playing with fire, since on a single spark, our ruin, or even our death, may depend.

LETTER XXV.

HARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FATHER.

AUGUST 10.

Hasten, my dear father, to answer the kind letter that you have honoured me with. You would have wept with tenderness as I did, could

you have been witness to the testimonies of gratitude which Mr. Falston has lavished upon me. Whilst he embraced me, I saw the big tears fall down his cheeks. How sweet must these tears have been to him, since I found my own so delightful: but I ought to give you an account of all that I have done; here it is: you know, Mr. Falston has naturally some pride; it would have been too humiliating in his circumstances, to receive an assistance which might have had the appearance of a charity. I presented him therefore with a Bank bill, not as a present, but as lent to him, and which he might pay again at his own convenience. He would give me an acknowledgment which I received, but immediately tore it before him, telling him, that his word was enough, and let him see that he would not be liable to any further trouble on this subject. I should have liked it better, could I have slipped the note into his pocket-box, that he might never have known from whence it came; but I could find no opportunity.

O my dear papa, what a delightful enjoyment have you given me! and how do I long to thank myself at your feet, to thank you as I ought.

Pray tell mama, that Emily has fulfilled her orders. She has deprived herself of two hours amusement to put her own hand to the work : and now, thanks to her activity, the work-women have finished the two gowns in a day ; and Emily is just going to send them. With what impatience do we expect the moment, which will bring back to us parents so worthy of our duty and affection.

THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE GRANDISON.

PART II.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 12

OH, my dear mama! poor Charles has
with a sad accident; his leg is scalded
bad, that he is not able to walk: it is all owing
to Edward's awkwardness; he threw a tea-kettle
of boiling water over him. Never, no never
was seen such patience and goodness as my friend
displayed on this occasion. Any one else would

have been in a passion with his brother, and have loaded him with reproaches; but Charles, on the contrary, only sought to conceal the pain which he felt. Do not afflict yourself, Edward, I beseech you, said he, it is not very bad: but we soon perceived that he suffered more than he was willing to confess, for his leg became so much swelled, that we were obliged to cut off his stocking with a pair of scissors. Emily burst into tears: she, said she, to Edward, what you have done by your heedlessness; you have, perhaps, lamed your brother for the rest of his life. I wish this misfortune had befallen you instead of him. It had better have happened to no one, said Charles, interrupting his sister. But come, my dear Emily, this is not worth so much concern. I shall soon be cured: Edward did not do it by design: it is his misfortune; but had it been still greater, we must have consoled ourselves. No, replied Emily, I cannot forgive his want of care: look at him too; he stands there like a post, instead of flying to call for a surgeon. There is no occasion for one, said Charles; give me only a cloth and some new water to bathe my leg, and in a few days it will be well. But, said he, addressing himself to Emily and me, Mr. Bartlet will soon be here; I beg

beg you will not tell him that Edward had any hand in this accident ; and you, my dear brother, give me your hand ; your affliction is more painful to me than this little burn of which I now scarcely feel the smart.

What a happiness it is to be thus master of one's self ! We may well admire Charles, when he can behave in this manner ; at the same time feel how useless it is to fret and be impatient, and that being transported with anger will not remove the evil.

But the pleasure which I have in writing to you makes me forget that Charles has intreated me to keep him company. Adieu, my dear man ; permit me to leave you to return to my friends. I salute my little sister, and conjure her by her friendship to take care not to burn or scald herself. She will find her advantage in this proof of love which I require of her.

LETTER II.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 14.

ALAS, poor Charles! It is now two days since his leg has been extended on a cushion: I believe, he suffers much, but he persists in keeping it to himself.

Emily asked him yesterday, if he did not find himself very sad under his confinement. Why should I make myself so, answered he, it would only aggravate the pain that I suffer; I had much rather amuse myself with the hopes of being soon cured: besides, would it not be a shame if I could not comfort myself under so small a misfortune as this? I have reason to expect many greater in the course of my life, and these slight accidents will teach me in time to exercise my courage and resolution against the approach of greater. But it is very hard though, said Emily, to be forced to suffer so much for the fault of another. It is true, answered Charles, I had rather it had been my own, for then my brother would not have had so much uneasiness about it.

Emily.

Emily. But are you not weary of staying so long in your chamber without daring to move?

Charles. How can I be wearied when I have the happiness of receiving so many affecting proofs of your kindness to me?

Emily. It is your goodness, my dear brother, which makes you pay attention to them: but you have narrowly escaped losing your leg by this accident.

Charles. This ought to console me under it. I have much reason to complain; indeed, when I see so many people condemned to walk on crutches for their whole lives!

Emily. I really believe, brother, you would have found out the secret of comforting yourself even if it had been necessary to cut your leg off.

Charles. It is needless to say that I should have been much afflicted at such a misfortune; but as it could not have happened to me unless by the will of heaven, I should have endeavoured to submit my own to that, in order to have obtained strength to support me under the affliction.

What do you say, mama? to think like Charles is not this the only way to combat misfortune? yet remember the fatal day on which I lost my father. You wept; I was inconsolable; but

ears and lamentations could not bring him back to life. You took me by the hand, and said, come, my son, let us pray to the Almighty, and he will comfort us; I soon saw that you became more tranquil; and I found also my own heart relieved by prayer. I found this a sure means of alleviating distress; I will submit therefore to the decrees of Providence whatever evils may befall me; and hope that I shall bear them with confidence, when I reflect that it is the will of God which inflicts them; of that God to whom I say daily, "*thy will be done.*"

But why do I remind you of these sad events, dear mama, you in whom I would wish to excite no sentiments but those of joy?—If I have distressed you I know but of one remedy; it is to take my little sister in your arms, to caress her, and tell her of your tenderness and of mine for me; I am sure that her sweet smiles will give you back to peace and happiness.

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LETTER III.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 18.

MR. and Mrs. Grandison are just arrived, my dear mama: we are all overjoyed; even the very servants are transported with pleasure. Is not this a good sign, when domestics rejoice at the return of their masters? When I grow up I am determined, I will be as humane as Mr. Grandison, since there is so much pleasure in making one's self beloved. But I must return to my friend Charles. Mr. Bartlet asked us this morning after breakfast if we would take a walk in the park: though Charles finds himself much recovered at present, he begged to be excused being of the party. My burn is not yet entirely cured, said he; and I wish that my papa and mama, at their return, should not perceive that any thing ails me. If I should walk now, perhaps my burn may suffer from the fatigue, and my parents will not fail to observe it. This will afflict them, said I; I had rather deprive myself of the pleasure of a walk than cause them the least uneasiness. You are in the right, said Mr. Bartlet, and I appear

his foresight; it does honour to your heart. Charles remained in his chamber, and Edward, Emily, and I, walked till noon.

At our return we found Charles waiting for us in the parlour below: we were a little surprized at this, as he had told us that he did not intend leaving his chamber. He had suffered some pain in coming down stairs, but the pleasure of meeting his papa and mama something the sooner by was, said he, well worth that. He had ordered the dinner earlier than we might be the more at liberty to receive them. With what alacrity did he fly down the steps when he heard their carriage enter the court-yard! With what joy did he throw himself into the arms of his father and mother! Scarcely could he force himself from them to give place to us. You would have been astonished had you seen with what grace he gave his hand to his mother to conduct her into the parlour: it put me in mind, my dear mother, of the manner that I shall feel when I return to you: it will be as lively as that of my friend Charles, I promise you. But I must recount to you a conversation which has just passed between him and his mother: you will judge whether it be to his honour or not, without my anticipating.

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Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandison were retired to their apartments to put off their riding dresses, while Edward, Charles, Emily, and I, remained in the parlour. Charles had desired his sister to play us a piece on her harpsichord, Emily had readily complied, but scarcely had she begun when we were interrupted by the fall of a piece of china which was broken into a thousand pieces.

Edward. Oh, there is a piece of china broken I hear! What clumsy blockheads those servants are!

Charles. Do not accuse them so hastily, brother; we do not know yet whether the accident has happened through their fault.

Edward. I know that the china is all in pieces; these gentry use the furniture as if it were nothing.

Charles. I will go and see; perhaps there is no great mischief done.

Edward. I'll lay a wager now, Emily, that he will find out some excuse for the culprit.

Emily. He will do very well then, brother, when you commit a fault are not you very desirous to have a friend to speak for you? How much more in fault than I am, and yet I am not punished.

the punishments has Charles saved us both? Do
while put yourself in the place of the poor ser-
vant.

Edward. You will see presently: Charles
will uphold him as if nothing had happened.

Emily. Charles never tells a falsehood; he
knows how to manage the business without that.

Edward. Here he comes; one would think,
to look at him, that he had done the mischief
himself.

Emily. That shews a good heart.

Edward (to Charles.) Well, what is it? Was
wrong when I said the china was broken?

Charles. I never said you were; it is a china
plate.

Edward. You speak as if that was nothing.

Charles. Had the mischief been greater we
ought to excuse it.

Edward. If I were in mama's place I would
make the fellow pay for his awkwardness.

Charles. That would be a little hard upon a
poor servant who has nothing but his wages to
depend upon.

Edward. It would teach him to be more care-
ful in future.

Charles. But, Edward, were you never so unhandy as to have an accident yourself, and are you sure that you never will?

Emily. If it be but to spill some boiling water over one's legs.

Edward (to Emily). Why do you meddle with what does not belong to you? *(to Charles)* I never I do break any thing it is our own at least.

Charles. I ask your pardon, my dear Edward, the goods of our parents are not ours: we possess nothing of our own yet.

Edward. If ever you should become a master I see, your servants may break just what they please.

Charles. What they please, do you say? I believe there never were servants who broke a thing by way of amusement: it is always by accident, and in that case they ought to meet with allowance.

Edward. This is wond'rous good, no doubt, and a negligent servant will never do wrong in your house.

Charles. I hope not. I will take care not to take negligent people into my service; therefore if one of them should break a thing by accident I will pardon him, as I may do the same of myself.

Edward

Edward. But I think my papa and mama ought to be informed when their things are broken.

Charles. It is my design to tell them of it, but at the same time I mean to intercede for the culprit.

Edward. Who is it? is it John, is it Arthur?

Charles. Neither of them: suppose I should tell you that it is yourself, brother?

Edward. I! This is very extraordinary indeed.

Charles. When you went to walk this morning, did not you give your dog his meat in a china plate; and did not you put that plate on a wooden bench in the out-house?

Edward. This is true; but what then?

Charles. The servant went for this bench without a light, and in taking it up he threw down the plate which was on it.

Edward. Well, is that my fault? What business had he to go rummaging in the dark?

Emily. It is no more than he does every day. Come, brother, own that you are the cause of all the mischief. The plate was not in its right place: and how was the servant to guess that it was on the bench?

Edward. You are always talking, Miss, what it does not concern you. But harkye, Charles papa and mama know nothing of all this, and they will not think of enquiring after this china plate.

Charles. How, Edward! just now you were quite eager to inform our parents of this accident and now you wish to conceal it from them, only because you were the occasion of it yourself. Is this just? You will easily obtain your pardon if the case is a very excusable one. But let me teach you not to be so severe on a servant for an inadvertency, when we are so often liable to the same ourselves.

Charles had scarcely said this when Mr. and Mrs. Grandison came down. He related the adventure of the china plate with so much warmth and address, and gave such a turn to the whole affair, that they found more to laugh at than to be displeased with; and as for Edward, he was delighted to be so well rid of the business. O mamma! what a happiness it is to have a brother like my friend! I hope I shall also have as good an advocate in my little sister, if ever I should need her eloquence on a like occasion.

LETTER IV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 22.

I HAVE nothing new to tell you of to-day, my dear mama, but I expect that to-morrow will afford many interesting things to entertain you with; it is the birth-day of Charles. Edward tells me that we are to be entertained like kings, because it is his brother's custom to give a treat to the young people of the neighbourhood on that day. Emily, on the contrary, says, that he will invite no one this year; and that he has already formed the resolution of employing the money which his father will give him in buying books of instruction and entertainment. I, for my part, wish he may do this last: for the company will leave us when the day concludes, but the books will always remain with us.

I think, I do not betray his confidence, when I tell you that he has privately trained up a pretty dog, which he intends as a present to his sister, until she receives one which her aunt is to send. He has accustomed it already to eat out of

his

his hand, and to fly out of its cage. Emily does not expect this present, and she will be surprized when she receives it. The bird begins already to repeat her name very prettily. I will also train up one which shall continually repeat to me your and my sister's: not that I have occasion for that to make me think of you, for happy as I am here this is the chief pleasure that I enjoy whilst so far removed from those whom I love the best in the world.



L E T T E R V.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

O MY dear mama, how delighted you will be with my friend! He has not given up his entertainment to his young neighbours with the money which he received from his father; neither has he employed it in buying books: he has made a very different use of it. But in the first place I must relate to you a conversation which he had with his father.

We rose this morning very early: our custom is to read every day one or two chapters from

the Old Testament before we come down to breakfast. Mr. Grandison came into the room in the midst of our lecture: Charles immediately rose to salute his father.

Charles. Good morning to you my dear papa; I hope you have rested well last night.

Mr. Grandison. Very well, my dear; and you do appear to have done so too: but pray go on, I will not interrupt your reading.

Charles. I should fear, papa, that it would not be decent to read before you when you do me the honour of a visit.

Mr. Grandison. Your duty must first be attended to, I shall have a pleasure in hearing you,

Charles. I am ready to obey you.

After placing an armed chair for his father, he resumed his book and read with a distinct voice. When he had done, Mr. Grandison expressed much satisfaction in his manner of reading: it is silent, added he, much more difficult to acquire than is commonly imagined. The generality of readers pronounce their words either with a snuff or a whine, without attending to the sense of what they read, which is extremely tiresome to their hearers. One ought particularly to read history in a natural and unaffected tone, as if the recital

recital were made by one's self. But this is your birth-day, and I am come up to pay my compliments to you.

Charles. Thank you, papa, permit me to embrace you, and to express my gratitude to you. This day recalls to my remembrance all that I owe to your tender cares, and to those of my dear mama.

Mr. Grandison. They are already recompensed by your good behaviour. Continue, my dear son, to fulfil all your duties, and may heaven complete those blessings already vouchsafed to you by permitting us to be witnesses of thy felicity.

Charles. I will labour with redoubled ardour to render myself worthy of this wish. You are safe to honour me with your wise precepts, and I will on my part endeavour to profit by them. But, father, before I enter on a new year of my life, I ought to ask your pardon for all the faults which I have committed in those preceding years.

Mr. Grandison. I do not recollect that I have ever given me any cause of complaint; I give you this testimony of my approbation, not to make you proud, but to encourage you in doing well. But come, this is a day of happiness, it shall be spent joyfully. I give you what

will find in this paper to make use of, if you please, in entertaining your friends. It is already near nine o'clock; finish dressing, and come down with William: your mother waits for us. Farewell; I will go forward and tell her that you are coming.

O mama, what a heartfelt satisfaction there is thus rendering one's self worthy the affections of a good father. How delighted did Mr. Grandison appear to be with his son, whilst tears of joy and tenderness filled his eyes! On the other hand, how much must good parents suffer whose children are unworthy of this love! Oh, I will always follow the example of my friend, whom God himself must love. How many things I have to say to you, if my letter were not already so long, but you shall lose nothing by it: I will keep them all for another, which I will begin to-morrow morning, as soon as I rise. How much I wish to be with you, to express my duty and affection to you as I ought. My letters, I always fear, are insufficient for that purpose. Oh, if my dear sister could but say this for me, she who has so much happiness to embrace you! My dearest mama, think that I am caressing you whenever she is. We will have but one heart between us, which will be filled with love for you.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 25

I Begin this letter, my dear mama, where I left off yesterday.

Before we went down to breakfast, Charles opened the paper which his father had given him. He found four guineas in it: he had never before seen so much money at once. After considering over it a little, he turned to me: William, said he, I should like to know your opinion: there are few young people in our neighbourhood whose society will give us much pleasure; they are for the most part so fond of noise and racket that their company is insupportable. Your Friend is the only one whose character is suited to mine; and he has been gone these three days to London with his mother. What do you advise me to do with this money? Were I in your place, said I, I would keep it in order to purchase something useful: three or four hours of playing and dancing will soon pass away, but some books or prints will be a daily amusement.

s. But will not you be disappointed, said he, if we spend this evening in our ordinary way without company? No, surely, answered I, I am happy enough in your society. If that be the case, said he, taking me by the hand, I may follow my first idea. By this time we were at the entrance of the parlour. Mrs. Grandison embraced her son with tenderness, and gave him her blessing. After breakfast we remained alone with Mr. Grandison. Charles took his father by the hand, and said to him, may I ask you one question, papa?

Mr. Grandison. What is it, my dear?

Charles. Do you judge it absolutely necessary that I should give an entertainment to my young neighbours to-day?

Mr. Grandison. This does not depend on me.

Charles. Then I may do what I please with the money which you have had the goodness to give me?

Mr. Grandison. Certainly, my child.

Charles. Then I know how I will celebrate my birth day.

Mr. Grandison. Will you let me into the secret?

I

Charles.

Charles. I wish for nothing more, papa; nevertheless, I am a little afraid that you will not approve of my project.

Mr. Grandison. Why not, my dear? you may safely speak. I never yet knew you make an ill use of your money. You are at liberty to dispose of it now as you like best: I approve before hand of whatever you may do. Let us see what you wish to buy?

Charles. Pardon me, papa; I want nothing thanks to your goodness, I have all things in abundance; I only wish that others may rejoice on my birth day. But do you know whom I have chosen to celebrate it? they are the poor of our neighbourhood. I have procured a list of the honest and necessitous families around me. How much will these poor people be rejoiced at the little feast which I shall prepare for them. The sons of our rich neighbours, whom I might have invited, enjoy superfluities every day as I do; but those whom I mean to regale to-day often want a morsel of bread. How joyful they will be over the feast which I shall give them, and I shall have more pleasure in their enjoyment than I should have had in all the diversions that I might have taken with my companions.

this is only on condition that you are not displeased with it, papa.

Mr. Grandison. And did you think, my dear son, that I could be displeased at this? No, no, I approve entirely this generous design. Your fourteenth year so well begun, cannot fail to bring with it days of happiness. The goodness of your heart will have its recompence.

Charles. My dear papa, I only do my duty. How many favours have I received from heaven during the course of the preceding year? Ought I not to render some of them back to my fellow-creatures?

Mr. Grandison. Embrace me, my child, and listen to accomplish your laudable design. You may give your orders to the servants, and I will take care they shall be obeyed.

What do you say to all this, my dear mama? If I were but as rich as Mr. Grandison, I could give you all, mama, you and my little sister. Might I, in that case, ask you for a small sum to enable me to be as beneficent as my friend Charles?

LETTER VII,

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER,

AUGUST 27.

YESTERDAY, my dear mama, Charles gave his entertainment to the poor people of the parish. They were feasted with plenty of roast beef, plumb pudding, and the vegetables of the season. I never had more pleasure than in seeing these good people regale themselves. Joy and gratitude were painted on their countenances. They drank our healths in some excellent beer repeating at every draught, Long life and happiness to Charles Grandison! The eyes of Charles were frequently filled with tears. During dinner time, he took notice of a poor man, almost blind with age, who he fancied was not sufficiently attended to by the rest: he called to a young one, who sat next him, saying, take care of this good man; he is one of my principal guests; I want to see him eat with a good appetite. Father said he, you deserve the first place in my festival. The young ones ought to honour your old

that they themselves may be honoured in their turn when they become old.

When the repast was ended, Charles divided the remainder of his money amongst his guests.

Yes, mama, he gave them all that he had received from his father. You will readily imagine what blessings they bestowed upon him. He was

so moved with tenderness, that he could not contain himself. He took me by the hand, and we

went off together without being able either of us to speak a word. It was not till we had entered

the house that he said to me, Well, my dear friend, can there be a greater pleasure than in comfort-

ing the unfortunate? Oh, no, answered I, throwing my arms round his neck, you could not

have given me a more delightful entertainment. I felt myself as much affected as my friend.

During the repast, thought I, how much are the poor to be pitied! They often want the first necessaries of

life, whilst we are seated every day at tables, covered with delicacies, where our only trouble is

how to chuse the most delicious. I shall, from this day, be the more grateful to heaven from

whom we receive these favours, as well as more compassionate to those who suffer for the want of

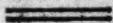
them. Yes, my greatest pleasure shall be to give them

them comfort, by following the example of my friend Charles.

After dinner we went to take a walk. We expected to pass the evening amongst ourselves, in our ordinary amusements; but what was our surprise, when on returning to the house, we found there a large company! Mr. Grandison had invited all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood with their children, to celebrate the birth-day of his son. We had a pretty concert; and after it a ball. Charles and his sister did wonders. How much I wished that I could sing and play as they did; but you know, mama, it is not my fault that I cannot. You were not able to give me the advantage of masters. At present I partake of that benefit with my friends; and I hope to profit so much by it, as to be able one day to equal them.

I am obliged to break off here, my dear mama, being called upon to partake of a little tour in the country. I expect a great deal of pleasure from this tour, which I will not fail to give you an account of in my next: but I forgot to tell you that Charles made his present yesterday to his sister of the little starling, in return for a pocket-book which she had presented him with. Emily

is already quite fond of her bird. I never saw so diverting an animal. I wish my sister could see all the care that Emily takes of it; but I wish yet more to be with her, for then I should also be with you, my dear mama.



LETTER VIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 27.

WE had not so much pleasure yesterday as we expected, my dear mama. The weather was very fine at our setting out; but a violent shower of rain coming on obliged us to take shelter in a very indifferent little inn, whilst the storm lasted. Edward grumbled and put himself out of humor. Emily was vexed: and as for me, I must confess to you, I was not very well pleased. Charles, who is always master of himself, was the only one of us whom this little accident did not disconcert, as you will perceive by the following dialogue.

Edward. How unlucky it is that this rain is come; all our pleasure is at an end now.

Charles.

Charles. Perhaps not: we will have our tea here, and by that time the rain may cease. If it should not, we can easily send for the coach that my sister may not be obliged to walk through the wet.

Emily. I thank you, brother, but I had much rather it were dry.

Charles. I do not doubt it; a walk would have been more agreeable to you. But our gardener was wishing for rain this morning, because the plants and trees have need of it. Now whose wishes do you think ought to prevail, his or yours?

Edward, (with a contemptuous smile.) Oh, those of the gardener, no doubt.

Charles. Why, truly, I think so too; for without rain the trees must suffer much from the drought; and would you not be very sorry if we should have no fruit? And what will become of the poor, should the heat destroy the corn, and a bad harvest should raise the price of bread?

Emily. Oh they will be sadly to be pitied.

Charles. Let us rejoice then at the rain which may prevent these evils. Besides, if it deprives us of the pleasures of our walk, it will afford pleasure to others in return; we shall behold the verdure

our terrace more fresh and brilliant, and the flowers in our
se. The terre will bloom with redoubled lustre.

coach. *Emily.* Enough, brother; you have convinced
o walk. I am no longer angry at the rain. Let it
all if it will, I shall find no fault.

d much. *Edward.* One day longer would have made
o great difference: it would have been better
would for us if it had not fallen before to-night, or to-
our garden to-morrow, and then we might have had our walk
became day.

Now. *Charles.* But those who happen to be obliged
vail, his travel either to-night or to-morrow had rather
should fall now. Would you have the weather
ph, though governed according to your fancy?

Emily. Charles is in the right; the desires of
too; for different people are so contradictory to each other
from that it is impossible all the world should be
erry if we are satisfied.

ecome. *Charles.* Believe me, we should be very un-
n, and happy if all our prayers were granted us: but to
ead? return to the weather. What a small matter it is
itied. that we should be deprived of our pleasures for
in which the day, in comparison to the good which this
deprived in will produce to others as well as to our-
afford ourselves,

Emily.

Emily. But look at the poor birds; I cannot help pitying them.

Charles. They know where to seek shelter when the rain incommodes them: besides, as my papa says, there is a kind of oil in their feathers which repels the wet.

Emily. I am glad of that: it seems to me that every thing around us is very wisely ordered.

The rain now became more violent; however Mrs. Grandison did not forget us; the carriage was sent, and we were soon conducted back to the house. Emily amused herself with her doll. Charles and I made a party at shutting the cock to supply the exercise of a walk. As for Edward, he remained in the dumps, and could find out no way of consoling himself but by teasing his dog. I have learned a good lesson from him to-day: for I see, when we suffer our humours to get the better of us on every little disappointment, we are sure to be very often unhappy. Well then, I will do my best to accommodate myself to every mischance that may befall me. There is one, however, to which I cannot be sensible; it is that of being separated from my father and my little sister. I stretch forth my arms to embrace you without the power of doing it. I think

thousand times in the day I fancy that you are
 being the same by me; but, alas, we can only
 draw near to each other by our sentiments. But
 what then, are not *they* sufficiently lively and
 feathered to reunite us?

LETTER IX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

AUGUST 29.

Must relate to you, my dear mama, a droll
 adventure that befel us last night.
 We had scarcely been half an hour in bed when
 I heard a great noise. What is it, said I to my
 brother? I know not, answered he. Perhaps,
 I, some thieves may have broken into the
 house. At this instant we heard Edward cry out
 loudly. Charles immediately leaped out of
 bed, hastily threw something over him, and seiz-
 ing his sword, Follow me, William, said he, it
 is in Edward's chamber. I lighted a candle at
 my lamp, and we went up into his brother's
 chamber, to see what was the matter. Charles did
 not discover the least sign of fear; but to confess
 the

the truth to you, I trembled all over. On entering the room, we saw Edward lying on the ground under a table, which had fallen on him, with his books and papers. After having assisted raising him up, Charles said, What is the matter brother? what has happened to you?

Edward. I do not know; but I have been terribly frightened.

Charles. But by what accident came you to the ground?

Edward. I will tell you; but let me recover myself a little.

William. Have you seen any one? Are there thieves in the house?

Edward. No, I believe not; but I don't know what it is.

Charles. Then why did you cry out so?

Edward. You would have done the same had you been in my place. I don't know what fell out of the bed. It was a ghost, I am sure that dragged me away.

Charles. Do you think so, Edward?

Edward. It was a ghost, I tell you; I am sure of it.

Charles. Indeed, Edward, I thought that dreadful accident had befallen you; but I

only as something to laugh at. But you
quite scared, and William too is all in a
tter. I will go and fetch you some hartshorn:
had better take a few drops.

Edward. But don't go down alone; call one
the servants.

Charles. There is no occasion; let us take
not to make a noise, lest we wake papa and
ma.

William. And can you venture to go about
house without any one with you?

Charles. Why not, my friend? What is
re to fear?

Edward. I am no more of a coward than
n, but I should be afraid to go. Harkye,
Charles——

William. You call to no purpose; he is out
hearing; and he went off very deliberately.
certainly has great courage. But, Edward,
I am I did all this happen?

Edward. I will tell you when Charles comes
rd?

you; William. Then here he is.

Edward. Have you seen nothing, brother?

Charles, (with a smile.) Oh yes; I have seen
passage, the staircase, my chest of drawers,

and this bottle. Come, take a few of the drops; they will give you courage to face a ghost.

Edward. I desire you will not make a jest of it.

Charles. Why not? it is the best way of treating a ghost.

William. That is because you do not believe it will come back again.

Charles. It is true. But tell me, Edward, how comes it that we are all three out of our beds at this time of night? but, in the first place, how came you to get out of yours?

Edward. It was the ghost, I tell you.

Charles. It is rather a dream that you have had.

Edward. No, indeed; I was quite awake.

Charles. Tell us then all about it.

Edward. It was thus: you know, I do not like to sleep with a light in my chamber; I just put out my candle, and got into bed, when I heard something tread softly on the floor, I rose up on my feet, and drawing aside the curtain, saw clearly in the corner of the room a pair of lights, which appeared sometimes great, sometimes small, and which moved about.

Charles. It was the dazzling of your eyes, no doubt.

Edward. The dazzling of my eyes, indeed! Tell you it was a real object; I saw it as plain as I see you.

Charles. Well, and what followed?

Edward. I remained perfectly still, hardly trying to breathe; at length the lights were extinguished, and I heard something trot about the chamber, and then throw itself violently against the door.

William. The mere recital chills me with horror.

Edward. With all Charles's steadiness, he would have been as much frightened as I was.

Charles. But why did not you call out for assistance?

Edward. How could I? terror had stopped my mouth. For a moment all was still: then I heard something glide against the wall; and by the pale light of the moon, I saw a great phantom, all in white, standing against the window curtain. It seemed every moment to become larger and larger. I put my hand before my eyes, lest I should see something still more dreadful. I crept softly out of bed, in order to escape

out of the chamber; but the phantom, as it appeared to me, began to leap about, and then came up close to me: in my fright I fell against the table, which I overturned upon me, uttering at the same time a loud cry, which was what you heard. But hush, I think I hear it again.

William. I think so too; I heard something move by that bureau.

Charles. I lay a wager it is a rat hid under it.

Edward. But a rat is not white; besides, what I saw was at least as big as our great dog in the court-yard.

Charles. We have nothing to do but to search; if it be here, we shall see it.

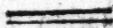
Charles immediately began searching into every corner, under the bed, the bureau, and the drawers; at length he cried out, Here is the ghost; I have found him. And what at last was this ghost? you will never guess, my dear mamma; it was no other than a great white cat, belonging to the tenant, which had stolen into the house, and ran into Edward's chamber. At the sight of it we all three burst into laughter. Charles rallied his brother on his credulity, and the cat made her escape as soon as she saw the door open: Edward appeared, however, a little

confused.

confused at this adventure. I cannot comprehend, said he, how this cat could appear to me of such a formidable size. It is the property of fear, answered Charles, to represent things falsely, and to magnify them to our imagination. But the two flambeaus which I saw? they were the eyes of the cat, which appeared either large or small as she opened or shut her eye-lids. Believe me, all the stories that we hear of apparitions are like this of our cat. Could we trace them to their source, we should find their causes quite natural.

After this conversation we returned to our beds, and slept very well the remainder of the night. This morning at breakfast we diverted Mr. and Mrs. Grandison with our night alarm: they bestowed great praises on the coolness and resolution of Charles. I must confess, I never saw his presence of mind fail him on any occasion. As to Edward and me, we were not the first to laugh at our own weakness: indeed, I was ashamed not to have shewn more courage. I hope that this little history will serve to amuse my sister, and to inspire her with more boldness on a like occasion than has been shewn by her mother.

Adieu, my dear mama; you do not write to me so often as I desire, or as I have occasion for. Emily talks to me frequently of my sister: she wants to know if you are as well satisfied with her as ever. Write particularly about her, I beseech you, both to gratify my own affection as well as the enquiries of my young friend who vouchsafes to interest herself for a little girl whom I love so much. Embrace her for me, and convince her how tender the regard is that I bear her.



LETTER X.

MRS. DANVERS TO HER SON.

SEPTEMBER 6.

I Sensibly feel your tender reproach, my dear son, that I do not write to you often enough. Were I at liberty to give myself up to it, no occupation would be more pleasing to me; but you may easily conceive how much my time is engaged by the affairs of my family, and the attention that I think it necessary to pay to your little sister. I am obliged, you know, to instruct her myself.

not having a fortune sufficient to procure her the instruction of different masters. But my cares are well repaid by her happy disposition: she earns every thing with the greatest facility; her industry is not to be repulsed by any difficulty; and I am every day astonished at the rapid progress of her understanding; nor do her sentiments afford me less cause of satisfaction. It would be difficult to conceive a heart of more rectitude and sensibility. All that you have written to me from time to time about Emily, pleases her infinitely. The pretty letter which this young lady wrote to her mama, on the subject of the poor people who suffered by a fire, and of which you sent me a copy, has made a very impression on her. She finds something to say about it every day. O my dear mama, said she to me yesterday, had I been rich, I would have done like Emily; how much pleasure must she have had in relieving those poor Miss Falstons! Yes, my child, said I, she has reason to be happy, and I am so also, in seeing you capable of taking part in the troubles of other people; it is a proof of a good heart: and this disposition gives you a right to expect the same sympathy in others towards you. These affectionate

affectionate sentiments are necessary amongst mankind for the mutual consolation of their troubles. This is very true, mama, said she, for when I suffer any uneasiness, if my little friends appear afflicted for me, it lessens the evil by one-half at least; besides, I am sure to love them the better for it, and that is always a pleasure. Is not this a very delicate sentiment, my dear son, and altogether charming for its simplicity? I hear such continually from her, which excite in me the tenderest emotions; nor am I less affected by those which you display in your letters: I feel that they come from the bottom of your heart, and it is with joy that I receive them back into mine. They soften my afflictions, and prove to me that I have not lost all that I possessed on earth, when I lost my husband, since my children remain to cherish me with as much tenderness as I have love for them. Yes, it is to you and your sister that I commit the care of my happiness. It will not be a painful one to you; for to see you made happy by your virtues will not fail to render me so.

All Mrs. Grandison's letters to me are filled with the most flattering accounts of you. The friendship which has long united us has,

doubt,

doubt, its share in these encomiums: nevertheless, I am willing to believe that you have so very a sense of her goodness, as to guard you from doing any thing which may justly incur her reprehension; it would indeed be shameful in you to deserve it, having before you so perfect a model as Charles. We never love those among whom we cannot esteem: continue then to follow the good example of your friend. A young man endowed with such noble qualities, ought to inspire you with a laudable emulation; and there is no way by which you can repay his kindness, but by endeavouring to make yourself worthy of it.

I see how much you suffer in not being able to imitate his beneficence. What pleasure should I feel, could I put it in your power to exercise this attractive virtue! cultivate it, nevertheless, in your breast, against the moment that fortune may enable you to follow these generous emotions; in the mean time, my dear, receive the little that I send you: I wish it were more, but 'tis all that the present state of my affairs will permit. I have transmitted to Mr. Grandison whatever is wanting for your necessities: what I send you, is destined for your pleasures; and these

these I know consist in such things as are most worthy of a sensible and generous heart. Farewell my son. I embrace you with all the transports of a mother whose felicity depends on the tenderness and virtues of her children.



LETTER XI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 12.

A Thousand thanks to you, my dear mama for the present which you have sent me. A trifle do you call it! permit me to contradict you in this; I, for my part, think it a great sum. You are not rich, and yet you make me a present of two guineas for my pleasure: ten times as much, were you possessed of a large fortune, would be less to me. But, alas, I feel that you may have put yourself to some inconvenience, in order to enrich me; and this thought interrupts the joy that I feel in receiving these marks of your bounty. Be at least persuaded, that I am sensible of all the value of the

gift

gift, and that I know how to employ it in a manner with which you will be satisfied.

I must own to you, that I felt a little proud when I related to Emily what you wrote to me of my sister. I seemed as if I valued myself more on her perfections than on those which I might acquire myself. Emily appeared flattered that her conduct had merited your approbation. She becomes every day more sensible and more amiable. Since my little sister knows so well how to profit by what I write to you concerning my friend, I will relate to you another adventure which has lately happened to her. I must confess freely, that she was a little in fault at the beginning, but the conclusion does her so much honour, that I cannot forbear relating the whole to you as it happened. The poor child was yesterday in the parlour with Edward; they amused themselves by turns, in playing little tunes on the harpsichord. You know, there is in this parlour a japan cabinet, filled with very valuable china. Emily had the curiosity to open it, to look at some Chinese figures which Mrs. Grandison had lately had presented to her. She took one in her hand in order to examine it nearer. Edward, who is ever some unlucky trick, cried out suddenly, mama

is

is coming. Emily, fearing to be caught in the fact, hastily put back the china into the cabinet but in her fear and precipitation, threw down a cup which broke into a thousand pieces. She was seized with consternation. It was a cup of great value, which she knew her mama preserved with the utmost care, as it made part of a which was only used on particular occasions. Edward quitted the harpsichord, on hearing Emily cry; and this is the conversation which passed between them.

Edward. You have done a pretty piece of work there, truly. I would not be in your place for a good deal.

Emily. O brother, how can you teize me when you see how I am distressed already? I should rather give me your advice.

Edward. What advice can I give you if you were to go to all the shops in London, you would not find such another cup as that. I have nothing to do that I know of but to set off for China, in order to match it.

Emily. What pleasure can you take in tormenting me thus?

Edward. What had you to do ruminating at that cabinet?

Emily. If it had not been for you this would not have happened.

Edward. Nay, it was you that did it; you had no business to touch the china.

Emily. It is true, I did wrong; however, if you had not put me in a fright, I should not have broken any thing.

Edward. This set of china that mama was so fond of, see, it is now incomplete; there might as well be not a piece of it left.

Emily. I would give all that I am worth in the world that this had not happened.

Edward. Oh yes, you may lament now; that will do much good.

Emily. O brother, how can you be so cruel? Charles would not torment me thus.

Edward. Well, well, don't cry any more, and will tell you what you had best do.

Emily. Let me hear, dear Edward?

Edward. Nobody knows any thing of what has passed: we have nothing to do but to gather up the broken bits, and place them by each other in the cabinet. Mama will not look in it this morning. During dinner, you may say that you heard some china fall in the cabinet: I will be ready to support the fact: Mama will of course

go and look, and, without doubt, will conclude that it fell of itself.

Emily. No indeed, brother, I will not do this.

Edward. And why not; you accuse no one by it?

Emily. No matter, it is a bad expedient; to tell an untruth is worse than breaking the china.

Edward. Very well; I have shewn you a way to get out of the scrape, which you might take advantage of; but it is your concern, not mine.

Emily. Alas, what shall I do!

Edward. I am really frightened for you; but I am very good thus to trouble myself about you when you desire to be punished.

Emily. Yes, I had rather be punished than deceive mama; I will go to her, confess the fault, and ask her pardon, promising, at the same time, never to touch the key of her cabinet as long as I live.

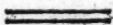
Emily was just going out, when she saw her mama enter the room: she trembled, and changed colour; and before she was able to speak, burst into a torrent of tears. She expected a sharp reproach: what then was her surprize, when Mrs. Grandison, who had overheard all that had passed

took

took her tenderly in her arms, and caressing her, said, you are a good girl, my dear Emily, I do not know what it is that you have broken, but if it be the most valuable piece of china in my cabinet, I forgive you, in consideration of your courage and frankness, As for you, Sir, continued she, addressing herself to Edward, go up into your chamber, and meditate on the lesson that your young sister has given you. It is well for you that your father knows nothing of all this, or he would be more severe than I am. Go and blush for the falsehood that you meditated : I see, henceforward, I must not depend on your word, but may rest in confidence on that of your sister.

You perceive, mama, how well Emily was rewarded for not following the bad counsels of Edward ; for she would have paid dear for his falsehood, as Mrs. Grandison had overheard all. The relation of this adventure will not, I think, be useless to my sister ; not that I suspect her of ever being capable of deceiving you. Heaven forbid I ever should ! but it will be a fresh encouragement to her to persevere in the good principles that she has received from you. Ah what good fortune is her's to receive them from your own lips ! It is a long time, alas, since I have

enjoyed that happiness: raging seas divide me from those whom I love best, in the world. Oh when shall I embrace you! When will you see us both, my little sister and me, at your knees, vying with each other in giving you proofs of our affection!



LETTER XII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

I Congratulate myself, my dear mama, on having it in my power to make you acquainted with a new instance of the moderation and generosity of my friend. No, I cannot often enough repeat it. There is not, I believe, in the whole universe, a young man of so noble a character.

The earl of — made him a present, a few days ago, of a fine dog, of a very rare and uncommon kind. Young Falkland, one of our neighbours, had before this asked the earl several times to give it to him, but he could not obtain it of him, because this young man is remarkable for his ill treatment of his dogs. He has no other

pleasure

pleasure than in tormenting them, either by the most cruel discipline, or by encouraging them to fight till they tear each other to pieces. He has already above a dozen in his house: you would think, perhaps, that this was sufficient; but no such thing: he has besides a collection of all sorts of animals, particularly cats, monkies, and parrots; and with these creatures he passes one half of the day. He must have, methinks, a most contracted mind thus to lavish his time in such a miserable occupation, instead of devoting it to the study of the arts and sciences. Notwithstanding the multitude he has of these beasts about him, he was quite enraged when he found the earl had given his dog to another after refusing it to him. What was the consequence of this? Charles had scarcely been five days in possession of it when the poor creature was found dead in a corner of the house. It was not till yesterday that we discovered, by means of one of Falkland's servants, that he had contrived to get him poisoned out of spite and jealousy. What monsters are there among mankind! I say monsters; the term is not too strong. Yes, my dear mama, I call him a monster, who can deprive another of what he cannot possess himself, with no other view than

to give him pain. But the following conversation which passed between Edward, Charles, and me, as we were walking in the garden yesterday, will shew you how my friend revenged this piece of knavery.

I was lamenting the death of the poor creature. I am very much afflicted, said he, also: I could hardly have believed that the loss of a dog would have given me so much trouble: but this was an animal of such singular beauty, and he was already become quite attached to me.

Edward. It was a shocking action on the part of Falkland to poison him: I would never forgive him as long as I lived were I in your place.

Charles. I must forgive him, however, unless I resolve to be as wicked as he is.

Edward. You are too good, brother; for my part I shall hate him as long as I live.

Charles. I do not hate him, but I despise his character; and I pity him yet more for being the slave of such violent and detestable passions; to destroy an innocent animal with no other view than to deprive another of it. He who can be guilty of such cruelty in cold blood would stop at no excess.

Edward

Edward. And the traitor dared to call himself your friend.

Charles. I am not now to learn that we must not give credit to mere words, and that we must know people well before we reckon upon their friendship.

Edward. Don't you intend to break entirely with such a dirty fellow as he is?

Charles. I do not mean to insult him publicly, shall content myself only with holding as little intercourse with him as possible. The society of young man of his base way of thinking by no means suits me.

Edward. 'Pshaw; this is not enough. Shall I cut off his ears, Charles? you have only to say the word.

Charles. I'll take care then how I say that word: his ears will not bring me back my dog.

Edward. Well then, I have another scheme. Mr. Falkland has a dozen spaniels and greyhounds; we have nothing to do but to poison them in our garden; he deserves this revenge.

Charles. But have the poor beasts deserved it?

Edward. What then, do you mean to let him escape unpunished?

Charles.

Charles. That is not my affair, I shall not take his punishment upon me; it is enough for me to leave him to his conscience.

Edward. I shall be curious to know what my papa will think of this adventure. I do not wonder now at his always being so careful to keep us from too strict an intimacy with this young profligate.

Charles. It is a proof to me that my father understands the heart; and I learn from it that we ought to consult our parents in the choice of our friends: as they have more experience than we have, they know better how to distinguish characters: by their wise advice I hope to preserve myself from dangerous connexions by which I might be corrupted. But, Edward, I think we ought not to acquaint my father with this bad action of Falkland's.

Edward. How then will you manage it?

Charles. Methinks, we shall mortify him more by a cold contempt than by our complaints.

William. This is a noble way of thinking.

Charles. It will be best, believe me. But let us talk of something more agreeable. Come, shall we take a walk in the fields this fine evening?

Edward.

Edward. Stop a moment; look yonder, don't you see something up in that tree?

William. Methinks I see a bird in it with very extraordinary feathers, and he flutters as if he were in distress.

Charles. It is very true; he is caught by his wings in the tree.

Edward. How lucky this is, it is Falkland's parrot that has escaped out of his cage, I know him very well. Now we have him in our power, we shall pay for the dog. His master would not give ten guineas for him: he shall be well punished now.

Charles. O my dear Edward, the poor creature suffers sadly: be so kind, William, as to get me a ladder, I will get up into the tree and disentangle the poor bird.

Edward. To give it to Falkland, I suppose?

Charles. To be sure: Is it not his?

Edward. He killed your dog, and you mean to save his parrot.

Charles. And why not? It would make me happy, if I could from this time forth do him any good in return for the injury that he has done me.

Edward.

Edward. You had better be advised; you will never again have so good an opportunity of being revenged.

Charles. I look upon it as such: it is sufficient revenge to me, to shew him that my heart is better than his.

Edward. Oh yes, he is very capable of feeling this to be sure.

Charles. Well then I shall have the satisfaction of feeling it.

Just then the gardener brought us a ladder. Charles climbed into the tree himself, and found the parrot entangled with his wings between two branches, and held fast: he soon disengaged him, and immediately charged one of the servants to carry him to young Falkland.

What do you think of my brother, said Edward to me, as Charles left us?

Can you blame him, answered I, for being generous?

No, certainly; but I do not feel myself perfect enough to imitate him.

—It is our part to become so from so good an example.

Charles now came up to us, his face was animated with the most sweet expressions of satisfaction.

son: I never before was so sensible of the pleasure which arises from doing good. O my dear mama, preserve, I pray you, all my letters, that I may read them over again when I return home. I should be very unworthy of such a friend, if I did not receive the lessons that I daily receive from his conduct, and did not inspire me both with inclination and power to profit by them. I wish he were known to all the young people of our age. If we feel much pleasure in reading of the good actions of others, what do we not enjoy in doing them ourselves! O my dear mama, I will ever cultivate this sentiment, that I may become the more worthy of your tenderness. I salute my little sister across the great space which divides us, and once for myself, and once for Emily.

LETTER XIII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 16.

WE assisted yesterday, my dear mama, in gathering in the fruits of autumn. The day was mild, and the sky serene: nothing was heard

heard on all sides but sprightly songs accompanied by the fife and violin. It was a charming sight to behold, between the trees, young boys climbing to the highest branches to gather the fruit, whilst the women and girls, received them below in their aprons, in order to fill their baskets. We too were employed in stripping those branches which hung within our reach. All these labours carry with them an air of festivity which fills the heart with pleasure.

We observed some little country girls merely dressed earnestly look at us over the hedge. When we had finished our business, one of them beckoned to the gardener, and we could perceive her talking to him in a supplicating manner, the same time casting frequent looks at my friend. Charles perceived it, and when she had done speaking, called the gardener to him. I will give you their conversation, which will be the best way of relating the thing.

Charles. What was that little girl asking earnestly?

Gardener. I will tell you, Sir. Every body hereabouts knows the goodness of your household. She has been asking me to beg some fruit of you for her mother who is at home sick.

Charles. Does she ask it for her mother? She is a good girl for that. Go and give her as many apples as she can carry. It will be a pleasure to me to reward her for loving those to whom she owes her life.

Gardener. I will go then and give her some of the windfalls, they will do well enough.

Charles. How friend! What would you pick out the worst that we have for a poor sick woman! No, no, I insist on your giving her some of the choicest.

Gardener. I fear, that will lessen our store.

Charles. Did not you tell me that we had an extraordinary plenty of fruit this year?

Gardener. It is true, Sir, we have hardly room to hold all our hoards.

Charles. Well then, out of the abundance which heaven bestows upon us, let us at least give some to those who have nothing.

Gardener. Ah, my dear young master, it is not without reason that you are so beloved and honoured. You are a blessing sent to us by heaven. I will punctually obey you, for I know all well whatever you do will be approved by our parents.

M

Upon

Upon this the gardener went to execute Charles's orders. Edward, having heard what had passed, came up to his brother, and said, I don't disapprove of your good-nature, but I cannot bear to see the common people always coming with some petition to you.

Charles. But, my dear brother, if they did not ask of us what they want, should we be so attentive to them as to think of it without? We ask our parents every day for a thousand superfluous things; suffer then the poor at least to lay before us their urgent necessities.

Emily. Charles is very right. Would it not be a sad thing, that we should have so much more than we want even for our pleasures, and that the poor should be without even the common necessities of life? I will tell mama this evening of the situation of this little girl's mother, and I am sure she will send her some assistance. Mr. Bartley who was just then coming up to us, overheard what Emily had said, and praised her for her humanity. Charles asked him, if apples were good for a sick person: Undoubtedly, said he, they be ripe. This fruit, said he, which is produced in almost all climates, is by so much the more valuable, as it will keep the best part of the

year.

year. How great is the wisdom and goodness of our Creator, who thus provides for us during winter, when the exhausted earth is no longer in a state to produce these delicious fruits by which we have been nourished and regaled in the summer season!

O my dear mama, I shall always be full of gratitude to the Creator of the earth, who thus provides for the wants of his children with the tenderness of a parent. Alas, mama, how many ungrateful children are there who devour the productions of winter, without once thinking of the beneficent hand which provides them! Heaven preserve me from ever being one of this number: I, in particular, who owe so much to it for being permitted to share its bounties with so good a mother! Yes, mama, I should be thankful to providence if I possessed nothing on earth but you. Vouchsafe to receive from me the homage of these sentiments, and continue to me those by which you have always honoured me. I ask this both for myself and my little sister, and as a pledge of your granting it, I accept the first kiss which you will give her, since I cannot have the happiness to partake it with her.

M 2

P. S.

P. S. Mr. Grandison has this moment received a letter from the earl of * * *, the first lord of the bedchamber, to require the attendance of his son Charles at court. They are ignorant of the reason of this. My friend sets off to-morrow with Mr. Bartlet. How much shall I regret his absence! I who have lately lived in the pleasing habit of seeing him every instant, must now pass whole days without his society! Neither do we know how long he may be absent. Mr. Grandison is not at all uneasy at this message; the earl's letter is too gracious to be the prelude to anything undesirable. But in the mean while I leave my friend. Nothing but the hopes of something good to him could console me for this separation. He has promised to write to me. O my dear mama, with how much joy shall I send you the copy of his letters!

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 20,

I HASTEN, my dear mama, to send you, according to promise, a copy of the first letter that I have received from my friend Charles. You will in it see what happened to him on his journey and at his arrival in London. I shall expect with impatience the next news that he will have to send me; my heart forebodes that it will be good. Judge then how eager I shall be to make you partake of it. Full of this sweet hope I embrace you and my little sister more tenderly.

 LETTER XV.
CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND
WILLIAM DANVERS.

I DO not yet know, my dear friend, what our journey to London will produce; the beginning of our expedition has not been the most

M 3

happy,

happy. A superstitious mind might look upon this as a bad presage; but you and I, my dear William, thanks be to the good sense of our parents, are in no danger of being disturbed by vain prognostics. We had scarcely gone a few miles before one of our horses stopped short and would not advance a step farther. The postillion thought to get on by exercising his whip, which I could not see without pain; I cannot bear that so gentle and useful an animal should be treated hardly. However, we soon perceived that the poor creature had met with a hurt in his foot, and that it was not his fault. We were therefore obliged to go gently on to the nearest inn, where we provided ourselves with horses and pursued our rout with renewed expedition, till an unlucky accident stopped us. In a rugged part of the road the axletree of our chaise suddenly broke: happily we were none of us hurt; but we were obliged to get out of the carriage, and there being no house within a good distance, we had no other course left us but to walk on foot. I should have made myself very easy under this accident, had it not been for my concern on account of our worthy friend Mr. Bartlet: I feared much lest his health might suffer from the cold and dampness of

the

the air and the fatigue of the walk. The sun was already set, and we proceeded slowly, followed by our servant Henry. A violent rain came on. At length, after a half hour's walk, we perceived to the right a small house at a little distance from the road. We were let in by an honest labourer, bowed down by the weight of years and hard work, and his wife who appeared to be as old. We were hospitably received by this worthy old couple and their children. The eldest son ran to fetch a wheelwright in the neighbourhood, and then went with him to assist the postilion in mending the chaise as well as they could; which they could not complete till the evening was far advanced. As it was then too late to pursue our journey, we resolved to pass the night in this little hut, which, under these circumstances, I found as comfortable as the most superb palace. Whilst one of the daughters was preparing for us a simple repast; gentlemen, said the old man, do not be uneasy, we will give you up our bed in which you may refresh yourselves after your fatigue. It was with difficulty that Mr. Bartlet was persuaded to agree to this proposal, but at last the pressing entreaties of our host and his wife prevailed. They had placed but two covers

covers on the table. Mr. Bartlet perceiving it, said, Have you already supped, my good friends? No, Sir.

Well then, we must eat together; our meal will be the heartier for it.

We should not have thought of taking that liberty, Sir, replied the old man, but since you order it you shall be obeyed.

The rustic meal was soon put on the table; it consisted of a piece of cold meat, with vegetables, cheese and butter and some good apples. Plain as this repast was, I never made a better supper in my life, and slept so soundly after it that Mr. Bartlet had some difficulty in waking me the next morning. I have just now eat an excellent breakfast, and take the opportunity, whilst Mr. Bartlet is thanking our kind hosts for their hospitality, to write you this. I am now obliged to break off, but as soon as we have paid our first visit to Lord —— you shall hear again from me. Present my duty to my papa and mama, and remember me affectionately to my brother and sister.

I remain, my dear friend, ever yours

CHARLES GRANDISON

LE

LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 23.

I SAID right, my dear mama, when I told you that I should have good news to send you of my friend Charles. I enclose you a copy of a letter that he has written to me, and one from Mr. Bartlet to Mr. Grandison. I have scarce time to transcribe them before the post goes out. I would fain express to you the joy which fills my heart: but I can only say what a felicity it is to see my friend happy, and to wish this to my dear mama!

LETTER XVII.

CHARLES GRANDISON TO HIS FRIEND
WILLIAM DANVERS.

DECEMBER 22.

COULD you ever have guessed, my dear friend, what could be the object of my journey to this city? Without doubt no, since I myself

myself hardly dare now to believe it. Well then, it is by order of the king, who has just bestowed on me the post of page of honour, and invested me with a place about his children. I know not to whom I am indebted for these favours; but they try to persuade me that I owe them to my own conduct. But it seems to me that I have only fulfilled my duty, and that alone deserves no recompence: I regard therefore what has befallen me as the pure bounty of heaven, which thus rewards the virtue of my worthy parents. I rejoice more on their account than my own. Mr. Bartlet has written to my papa; you will doubtless see his letter. I have scarce time to assure you that I am ever your faithful and affectionate friend

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT happy news have I to send you, and how much will the heart of Mrs. Grandison be filled with joy! Your amiable
son—

son—but you well merit those favours with which heaven has vouchsafed to recompense his goodness. I always told you that he was destined to be the happiness of your future life. And so young to be thus distinguished by his sovereign's favours, whilst all good men applaud the act! Yes, my dear Sir, there is no one here, but who, after having seen your son, pronounces him worthy of his promising destiny. But I will no longer keep you in suspense. Know then that the king has conferred on him the post of page of honour, and given him a place about the royal children as a fit object for their emulation. The earl of —, represented your son to his majesty in so advantageous a manner, had spoken so highly of his good sense, his acquirements and goodness of heart, as to inspire the king with the desire of seeing him; and it was after his first interview with him that he conferred on him these favours.

The earl who introduced Charles to his majesty, and was present at the audience, declared that he never saw any one received so graciously. The king himself, after ordering his children into his presence, vouchsafed to present them to him.

him. Your amiable son answered all questions put to him with a respectful freedom and a nobleness of expression quite astonishing for his age. The young princes were desirous that he should from that moment remain about them. But he represented to them the occasion there was for his remaining yet some time in his father's house, in order to profit by his instructions, and to render himself more worthy of the high office allotted him.

He owned to me afterwards, that he had another reason for asking this delay: it was, that his friend William having only three months more to spend in England, he much wished to pass the remainder of that time with him. Thus you see, his presence of mind never forsakes him, nor can the seductions of fortune make him forget the duties of friendship.

The earl gave yesterday a grand entertainment in honour of your son. Charles received the compliments of all the company with as much grace as dignity. The many praises bestowed on him excited not in him the least emotions of pride; and he left the company all captivated by his amiable qualities. Do not think,

dear friend, that the enthusiasm with which I speak of your son is the effect of that partiality which I feel for your family: you will find the same testimonies in his favour in the letter which Lord —— has written you.

We shall be detained about six days longer here, and then I hope to bring back to your arms the worthy object of your tenderness.

P. S. The earl of —— has made me open my letter again, to inform you that Edward is presented with a lieutenancy in the same regiment with Major Arthur, of which he is now lieutenant-colonel.

LETTER XIX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 26.

WAS so impatient, my dear mama, to send you my friend Charles's letter and that of Mr. Bartlet, that I had not time to give you those reflections which the good fortune of my
N friend

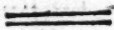
friend have given birth to in my mind. Indeed were I to attempt to say all that I think on this subject, my letter would not be finished to-day. I will therefore confine myself to the more easy and delightful task, of attempting to describe to you how sensible I am of his faithful remembrance of our friendship. What then! could he for the sake of my society, during the remainder of my stay here, resist the desires of the young princes, and sacrifice all the pleasures of a court? Ah, he has not made this sacrifice to an ungrateful friend. You will witness for me, mama, how much I ever loved him, that all my letters were filled with expressions of my tenderness to him. Well then he is now become a thousand times more dear to me. During his absence I have been made too sensible how necessary he is to my happiness. Notwithstanding all the care of Mr. and Mrs. Grandison, notwithstanding the friendship of Edward and Emily, I find that I miss him every hour in the day. I seem as if I were but half myself without him. I have no other resource but to employ myself continually in doing something for him. Yes, mama, I do the business that we did when we were together.

I do

I now do alone, in order to render his absence less tedious to me. I have cultivated his garden, and ornamented it with the flowers of the season, that he may see at his return what care I have taken of all that he is interested in. I have continued to copy a set of designs in architecture which he had begun: they are not, it is true, so well drawn as he would have done them, but they are better than if I had done them for myself. I am sure that his friendship will excuse the weakness of my pencil, and that he will see them in his collection with pleasure. I have also transcribed into his musick books all the new airs which we have had since his departure. I have arranged the books of his library, I have fed his birds, I have given something to his poor people: in short, I have attempted to do all that he would have done himself. It is at these times that I have more than ever felt the force of that maxim which you have so often repeated to me, that application to business is the best means of composing the mind under grief or uneasiness. Ah, had I been condemned to idleness during this interval of my friend's absence, how should I have been to be pitied! I have laboured not to have a moment in the day vacant, lest I should

fill it with my sadness. As a proof of this I send you a little piece which I have just translated on the advantages of industry.

Adieu, my dear mama; now that my friend is so far from me, I doubly feel the pain of being so from you. I have no consolation but in knowing that you love me, and in feeling how much I love you.



THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY

MR. Dorville, a rich manufacturer, was the most inveterate enemy to idleness. He not only dedicated the whole day to labour himself, but took care also to have every person of his family employed in the same manner. Liberal to all whom age or infirmity had rendered incapable of work, but implacable toward those idle vagabonds who, with the advantages of health and strength, came to beg at his door. He would ask them why they did not work; and if they excused themselves by saying that they could get no employment, he would offer

them in his manufacture; but after once refusing it, they dared never more approach his presence.

He never suffered a bale of goods either to be packed up or opened, without obliging his two sons, Francis and Robert, to put their hands to it. He had a large garden behind his house, in which he made them both work under the direction of his gardener: and during winter, he would employ them in turning and other works of ingenuity. His three daughters also had not more time allowed them for idleness. They had the charge of the domestic œconomy, with every other occupation suitable to their sex.

The better to excite their industry, Mr. Dorville paid each for his work; and those amongst them, who had distinguished themselves by their activity, had an extraordinary reward. These little perquisites they had the liberty of laying out in their own pleasures and amusements.

No quarrels or ill humours were ever heard in this family. They enjoyed perfect health, and each day brought with it new pleasures, by making them taste the sweets of their own labours.

If the boys presented to their sisters a nosegay of carnations or hyacinths, they received from

them in return either embroidered ruffles, purses, or strings for their canes or watches, all the work of their industrious hands. If their deserts were furnished by the fruits of the young trees which they had planted and grafted themselves; they had the satisfaction to hear their parents praise them, by acquainting their guests to whom they owed their regale; at which each would take his glass, and the company in chorus drank to the health of the little gardeners.

Seven days in the year were celebrated as festivals in the family; these were the birth days of each of the children, and those of their fathers and mother. Pleasure and mutual tenderness reigned on these occasions: particularly on the birthdays of their parents, when they generally gave an entertainment to their children, to which they invited their young acquaintance. The feast always ended in a ball, at which youthful vivacity, heightened by music, animated every look and motion, whilst their fond parents beheld, with transports of joy, their playful gaiety and natural graces.

Who would believe that these children should ever grow weary of a way of life so full of pleasure? This was, however, the case. Francis

one day went to pay a visit to his young cousins: he returned home with a sorrowful countenance. His father, from some indirect words which he let fall, comprehended at once the cause of his chagrin: he, however, did not appear as if he observed it. In the mean while, as Francis wore the same face of sadness the next day, Mr. Dorville having engaged him to take a walk with him after dinner over his plantations, they had together the following conversation.

Mr. Dorville. What is the matter with you, my dear Francis? the air of sadness which I observe on your countenance, makes me very uneasy.

Francis, (affecting a cheerful air.) Nothing at all, papa.

Mr. Dorville. Come, come, notwithstanding that smile, your whole appearance has less of cheerfulness than usual.

Francis. I cannot disown it.

Mr. Dorville. What is it then that makes you thus sad?

Francis. Ah, if I dare to tell you!

Mr. Dorville. Are you afraid to open your heart to me? Am not I your friend?

Francis.

Francis. True; but pray, papa, do not question me any more on this subject.

Mr. Dorville. And why not, since it afflicts you?

Francis. Because I think you would not afford me any remedy.

Mr. Dorville. Do you think then that I had rather see you afflicted than happy? I thought you had a better idea of my tenderness for you.

Francis. O papa, do not mistake me; no, no, I am sensible, you have no greater joy than to see us rejoice.

Mr. Dorville. I do not see then what can hinder you from making me your confidant; but hold, we will settle this matter between us. Tell me your grievance, and I will promise on my part to do all in my power to remove it.

Francis. Well then, papa, since you will have it, I must tell you: you keep us like so many slaves to our work from morning to night; there are my cousins, you see how their papa lets them spend their time; shall not we have as much fortune as they will?

Mr. Dorville. What, my dear child, is that all that afflicts you? nothing can be easier than to satisfy you in this business. God forbid that

I should

I should make you work against your inclinations; you are at full liberty to take your rest, and not to return to your work again till you yourself desire it.

Francis, happy to enjoy his liberty with the consent of his father, spent the rest of the day in loitering about here and there, sometimes in the house, sometimes in the garden.

Mr. Dorville always rose early; and when the weather was fine, generally amused himself with a walk into the country, and took with him those of his children who the day before had been most diligent and attentive to their work. The next morning after this discourse, the early dawn promised a most beautiful day; Mr. Dorville was preparing to go out; Francis heard him; and though he was very sensible that he had not deserved the indulgence, he nevertheless hastened up, and asked his father's permission to accompany him. Mr. Dorville willingly consented. They went together, and seated themselves at the top of a hill, from whence they had a view of the surrounding country. It was in the early part of the spring. The meadows, which but a month before were buried in snow, now displayed the most lively verdure. The woods were covered with

with tender foliage, and the fruit trees adorned with the gayest blossoms. The harsh whistling of the north wind no more grated on the ear; nothing was heard around but the sweet warbling of birds. Young lambs and playful colts were seen sporting in the rich pasture grounds. Echo resounded with the cheerful song of the labourer, as he trod the furrowed land. The roads were filled with troops of country people; some conducting their waggons loaded with corn, wine, and other merchandize; others carrying on their shoulders baskets filled with herbs and flowers. The young milk maids seemed to walk in cadence; all bent their steps towards the city, the gates of which were just opened to receive them. Francis, affected by this scene, felt his heart so elated with cheerfulness, that, throwing himself into the arms of his father, he exclaimed, O papa, I have you to thank for the pleasure which this moment affords me!

Mr. Dorville. If all our friends were but here to enjoy it with us! I am sorry we did not call on your cousins as we passed by their door.

Francis. Oh they will not be up these two or three hours at least.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. Is it possible? Why then they spend one half of the day in sleep.

Francis. I have sometimes called on them at nine in the morning, and they had scarcely their eyes open.

Mr. Dorville. No doubt, they are objects of your envy just now.

Francis. No truly, papa; if I were asleep like them, I should lose all the pleasure I enjoy now.

Mr. Dorville. This is one advantage then arising from industry; it calls us up early enough to make us relish the charms of a fine morning.

Francis. But, papa, cannot I be an early riser without working?

Mr. Dorville. And what will you do when you are up?

Francis. I would go and walk sometimes to one place, sometimes to another: to-day I would ascend the hill; to-morrow I would enter the thick forest; another time I would seat myself on the banks of a river.

Mr. Dorville. It is very well, my dear, but we have three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; if we take from these all the cold and wet mornings, there will scarcely remain sixty-five such

such as this of to-day. Would you walk out through the thick fogs, and when it rains or snows, or when the impetuous winds render the hoar frosts more biting?

Francis. No certainly, I should have very little relish for walking in such bad weather.

Mr. Dorville. What then will you do with the other three hundred mornings, if you do no work?

Francis. I don't know.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me freely then; do you think that you would find it a very pleasant thing not to know what to do with yourself?

Francis. No; I confess, time would seem very long to me.

Mr. Dorville. Would it not be better to go briskly to work, than to be rubbing your eyes yawning, and stretching out your arms, and then sinking into your chair like a person overcome with fatigue?

Francis. But, papa, if I do not work, I can amuse myself with some play.

Mr. Dorville. You know very well, I have never hindered your amusing yourself: but let me examine whether to work, or to pass our time in vain dissipation, yields us the most solid pleasure.

I am far from wishing that my children should not be as happy as they are capable of being. You shall always play and never work more, if you can prove to me that play will give you more satisfaction than work.

Francis. Take care, papa, it will not be very difficult to prove this.

Mr. Dorville. Well then, let us see; I am willing to run the risk.

Francis. Did you never observe, that when I am at play, I run, I jump, I dance, and make a thousand gambols; but when I work I do nothing of all this.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheless, I have often seen you and your brother laugh and amuse yourselves when you have been at work together.

Francis. That is true; but yet it is better to be at play.

Mr. Dorville. There is not a day passes but you play; have you any thing to shew me in consequence of all this play?

Francis. No, papa, I have only the remembrance of it.

Mr. Dorville. And have you nothing remaining from your work?

O

Francis.

Francis. Oh yes, I have in my garden above a dozen young trees, which I have planted and grafted myself; all my beds are furnished with good vegetables, and my borders with fine flowers.

Mr. Dorville. Is that all, my dear?

Francis. No indeed, papa; I have in my chamber a great cupboard full of my workmanship in straw and pasteboard, besides a thousand little toys of ivory and ebony, that I turned in my lathe.

Mr. Dorville. But, without doubt, you look at all these things now with regret, when you think how many drops of sweat they cost you? here you will say, I spent a whole day's labour on this.

Francis. And suppose they had cost me as much again?

Mr. Dorville. What then?

Francis. Why, papa, so long as I see my cupboard furnished with the fruits of my labours, whilst I gather nosegays for my sisters, or fine fruits, and good vegetables to present to my mother, I find myself so happy, that I no longer think of the trouble that the things cost me.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. Tell me: all the time which you have spent in cultivating your garden, or in turning; do you wish now that you had passed it in play?

Francis. No, certainly, for then I should have had nothing to shew for it to-day.

Mr. Dorville. You would have had the remembrance of it at least. Do you reckon that nothing?

Francis. It is but a very little thing.

Mr. Dorville. I think, it appears from your own account, that play only amuses the present moment, and that it does not even always do that in proportion to our expectations; and that work, on the contrary, after having agreeably occupied us, leaves behind it some useful enjoyment. After twenty years are past, you will have a renewed pleasure in gathering fruits from the trees which your hands have planted, though you will by then have forgotten all your frivolous pastimes. Decide therefore yourself, which affords the most solid pleasure, useful labour, or vain amusement.

Francis. O papa, according to the light in which you have set the thing, there is no room to balance. Labour, without dispute, renders us most happy.

Mr. Dorville. You see then, it was not without reason that I have urged you to follow it. Were I to say to you, come Francis, work no more; I will have you spend your whole time at play. Would it not be making you miserable for the rest of your life?

Francis. Oh yes, I can feel this now: every different play would soon become tedious and insupportable to me.

Mr. Dorville. And do they not, on the contrary, appear more sweet to you after labour?

Francis. Yes, papa, I confess they do.

Mr. Dorville. At those times, I myself urge you to enjoy your pleasures. You know how often I have invited your cousins and your other companions to come and share in your amusements. Have you forgotten how you have wrestled together, and run races, and thrown the bar?

Francis. No, papa, I remember it very well you have yourself been so good as to assist almost always at our sports; and I have often seen you smile, when I have happened to have the advantage.

Mr. Dorville. And this was pretty often the case.

Francis

Francis. Because I am stronger than any of my companions, especially my poor consins; I never feared to engage with both of them at once.

Mr. Dorville. Perhaps they are not so old as you?

Francis. Oh, you know very well that I am not so old as the youngest by a full year.

Mr. Dorville. You are better fed then?

Francis. I beg your pardon; they live better every day of their lives than we do.

Mr. Dorville. I do not see then how you came by all this strength, unless it be the effect of labour.

Francis. Excuse me, papa, I do not know how that can be; because I am so much weakened sometimes by hard work, that I can hardly stir.

Mr. Dorville. But, my dear, who are those that run best?

Francis. Those who frequently run races.

Mr. Dorville. What is the reason of this pray?

Francis. Because they are used to run.

Mr. Dorville. Nevertheless, running weakens them sometimes, as labour does you.

Francis. Without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. But the next day are they less alert, or you less brisk?

Francis. It is true,

Mr. Dorville. One word more. Have you never observed that some people have their limbs much more strong and nervous than others?

Francis. Oh yes, our blacksmith for instance: you have only to look at his arms; every muscle is expressive of vigor.

Mr. Dorville. And how, do you think, has he acquired this vigor?

Francis. How should I know? this man is the whole day with his body bent over his anvil; and he has been accustomed from his earliest youth to wield a hammer which I can scarcely lift with both hands.

Mr. Dorville. What, do you think he is stronger than I am?

Francis. O papa, I should be very sorry to see him lay hold of you, even if I were by to assist you.

Mr. Dorville. This is a farther proof than that labour strengthens the body. Here is a blacksmith who uses more violent exercise than I do, and yet he is more robust. You use more violent exercise than your cousins, and you are more

more robust than they are : labour must certainly have something to do in this.

Francis. I own I begin to think it.

Mr. Dorville. You told me just now, that your cousins eat very delicately.

Francis. It is very true.

Mr. Dorville. I think, however, they have frequent disorders of the stomach.

Francis. Yes, almost always.

Mr. Dorville. Are you ever troubled with those complaints?

Francis. Never, papa; you know very well that my appetite never fails me.

Mr. Dorville. Yes, but on some days I observe that you eat with more pleasure than ordinary ; especially after you have been digging in your garden.

Francis. Yes, truly, I make a brisk attack upon your provisions after I have been hard at work.

Mr. Dorville. But how is this; work strengthens your arms and your stomach; it whets your appetite; and shall I prohibit it? No, certainly; I wish to see my son do honour to my table, without fearing indigestion, like his cousins: and I should

should be very sorry to see his companions outdo him in wrestling, or running races.

Francis. But, papa, I have been told by many people, that being so rich as you are, you ought not to make us work.

Mr. Dorville. These people talk like block-heads, and you will be a still greater blockhead if you believe them. If you remain every day in bed till nine o'clock, can I with all my money, make you enjoy such a fine morning as this?

Francis. No, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. For these many years to come, you will have to gather of the fruit of those trees which you have planted. You may also, from time to time, make presents to your sisters and friends of the pretty pieces of workmanship which you have made. This is the fruit of your industry, and a source of enjoyments which are for ever renewing. But with all my money, can I make the consequences of your amusements, when once they are past, equally sweet?

Francis. Alas, no papa.

Mr. Dorville. In short, can I, with all my riches, make your limbs robust, or preserve your stomach from indigestion?

Francis. Nor this either,

Mr

Mr. Dorville. Behold then what advantages you owe to labour; advantages so precious, that not all the gold in the world can procure them.

Francis. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dorville. And why is it that I get money? Is it that my children may be happy or unhappy?

Francis. That they may be happy, without doubt.

Mr. Dorville. And which of the two is the most happy, he who slumbers away the best part of the morning in bed, or he who by rising with the dawn may, when the weather is fine, walk in the country and contemplate the ravishing beauties of nature?

Francis. The latter undoubtedly.

Mr. Dorville. Again; which is the happiest, he who wastes his life in pursuit of vain pleasures, which by habit will become insipid, and which, when past, leave no trace behind them; or he who employs his time in useful and pleasant labours by which he secures a thousand sweet enjoyments for the time to come?

Francis. Oh the latter, certainly.

Mr. Dorville. I do not ask you whether it be best to have the limbs strong and robust, or enervated;

vated; a fresh and lively complexion, or sickly paleness; vigorous health, or continual weakness; and a good appetite, rather than perpetual indigestion.

Francis. Oh, it will not admit of a question.

Mr. Dorville. You have just allowed that labour gives us all these advantages.

Francis. I have.

Mr. Dorville. Should I not then be highly blameable, if in compliance to the opinions of certain silly people, I were to neglect to cultivate a love for work amongst my children, under the vain pretence that I am rich? when, with all my riches, I should but make them the more unhappy.

Francis. Yes, yes, I see it plainly now; what a blockhead I was when I grew tired of my work. Come, papa, the day is advanced; I am impatient to return to my usual occupations. I hope to have a pretty bouquet to give to my sisters, and some excellent strawberries for your dessert.

Mr. Dorville. Come, my dear, I am charmed to see you so reasonable: this encourages me to consult you on an affair of importance which I have in my mind. We will talk about it to-morrow.

On the morrow, Francis a little proud, but still more curious to be of this consultation with his father, hastened the next day to attend him, with some degree of importance in his air.

It is a long time, son, said Mr. Dorville, since I have been thinking how to place a certain sum of money most advantageously for my children.

Francis. You are very good, papa.

Mr. Dorville. I am therefore very glad to consult you on this business.

Francis. Me, papa; Oh nothing can be more simple; you have only to throw it into trade.

Mr. Dorville. It is in that already, my dear; but on the contrary, I think of withdrawing it from trade, in order to make it more secure to you: in our way of business we are exposed to many losses; I experience this every day; and in case some great stroke should befall us, I should wish to place a certain part of my fortune so securely as to ensure a comfortable subsistence to my children for the rest of their lives.

Francis. I should think, you might purchase houses.

Mr. Dorville. True, but then there is the hazard of their being burnt.

Francis.

Francis. In that case buy land, that cannot be burnt at least.

Mr. Dorville. That is true; but then if we do not ourselves attend to the cultivation of them, they will soon become barren and sink in value, after we have been at much expence on them, so that in the end we shall find ourselves poor in the midst of large possessions.

Francis. I do not know then, papa, what advice to give.

Mr. Dorville. Why truly, child, I see no way of absolutely securing this sum, but by spending it in such a manner that we never can lose the interest of it.

Francis. How, papa, spend a sum of money for fear you should lose it?

Mr. Dorville. Even so; for instance: if I should lay it out in giving you useful acquisitions, which would make you independent of all reverses of fortune; you then would be, in whatever situation chance might throw you, able to procure the necessaries of life. You understand accounts and book-keeping; you know every thing belonging to the cultivation of trees; you are a tolerable turner; your brother and sister have also their particular talents: it has cost me

a great

a great deal of money to have you instructed in these things. I will sacrifice yet more to make you complete; and then I shall look upon you as possessing more riches than those who have a great inheritance; for we may lose our fortune, but useful knowledge remains with us for ever.

Francis. But, papa, you are in very easy circumstances; you are master of a good manufacture; and I think with that we never can want.

Mr. Dorville. Much richer people than we are have experienced reverses of fortune, and it is good to be prepared against all possible events. I recollect a story which will illustrate this observation: I will relate it to you.

Francis. Pray do, papa; I shall be glad to hear it.

Mr. Dorville. A young gentleman in Germany paid his addresses to a very amiable lady, and asked her in marriage of her father. The father said to him, I will give you my daughter very willingly, but have you a good trade to maintain her and her children? A trade, Sir, answered the young gentleman? are you ignorant that I possess a large country seat in your neighbourhood, with a considerable estate besides? All this is nothing replied the father of the lady;

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your house may be burnt, your land may suffer devastation; besides this, many other ruinous accidents may happen to you, which I cannot foresee. In a word, if you wish to obtain my daughter, you must learn some trade, or I shall not be satisfied. It is the absolute condition of our alliance. It was in vain that the young gentleman remonstrated: the father would not recede. What was to be done? he loved the lady too passionately to give her up. He put himself apprentice therefore to a basket-maker, the easiest business he could think of; and it was not till after he had made a very neat basket, and some other pieces of workmanship, before the eyes of her father, that he could obtain the lady.

During the first years of his marriage, he laughed inwardly at the foresight of his father-in-law, and the whimsical condition which he had imposed upon him; but he had soon occasion to see the matter in a much more serious light.

War was declared: the enemy entered his province. They ravaged his lands, cut down his forests, demolished his castle, pillaged his effects, and obliged him and his family to take flight: our rich gentleman found himself all at once reduced to indigence. At first he did nothing but de-

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plore his ill fortune, living with difficulty on the little money that he had saved; but this resource soon failed him. He then bethought himself of the trade which he had learned. His spirits began to recover, and he gave himself up to work with the more ardour, as he had taken refuge in a city where his name and rank were unknown. His wife, between the intervals of her domestic occupations, comforted him under his labours. The children were employed to sell the baskets which he made. In this manner he provided decently for the support of himself and family, until the happy moment arrived, which by the return of peace restored him again to the possession of his fortune.

This story made a lively impression on Francis. He related it himself to his brother and sisters, who were also as much taken with it. It put them upon making a number of reflections on the wisdom of providing resources against the unexpected turns of fortune. Alas, they did not then foresee that they soon would have occasion to apply this to themselves. A little time after, a fire broke out in the night in one of Mr. Dorville's magazines; and all the buildings belonging to his manufactory were consumed before any assistance

could be got to stop the flames. Another man might have been cast down by this disaster; but, on the contrary, it served only to fortify his resolution, and redouble his activity. All his friends were eager to support him. His industry made the best use of these advantages, by labouring to pair his losses. Nor did this reverse of fortune prevent his daughters from being sought in marriage by the richest and most sensible men; because they knew that in them they should find women capable of conducting the affairs of their house with œconomy and prudence. As for his two sons, they applied themselves with such indefatigable ardour to business, that in a few years their affairs were not only re-established, but carried to a degree of prosperity, which they had never known before that misfortune which seemed to have overthrown them for ever.

L E T T E R XX.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

SEPTEMBER 27.

O MY dear mama, what danger my friend Charles has been in! Alas! I have been within a little of losing him! I tremble yet whilst I think of it. What would have become of me if he had been as brutal as his adversary; if he either had lost his life, or taken away that of his antagonist, and been obliged to fly his country? Happily all has terminated to his honour; whilst he is preserved to his family, and to his friend, he has given us fresh reason to love and esteem him. But I am too long without satisfying your curiosity: read, pray read the letter which Mr. Grandison has just received from Mr. Bartlet. I have spent the whole evening in transcribing it in order to send it to you. O my dear mama, how many times has my heart beat whilst I was taking this copy! But it is not of me that it speaks; forget me I pray you for a few moments, that you may be the more at liberty to attend to my friend,

LETTER XXI.

MR. BARTLET TO MR. GRANDISON.

My dear Friend,

SEPTEMBER 26.

I CAN never sufficiently congratulate you on the happiness of possessing such a son as yours. I was witness yesterday, without his knowing it, to an adventure which does him infinite honour. But why should I be astonished at his conduct, when I only see in it the effect of the good example and wise lessons which he has received from you. We fell in company yesterday with a Mr. Stukely, son to Lord G——, a young man of a most violent and brutal character: though he is but eighteen years of age, he is devoured by ambition and envy. I had already observed that he was jealous of the post which your son had obtained. He threw out many spiteful sarcasms which Charles with admirable self-command passed over in silence. They engaged in a game of piquet together; Stukely, like a bully, took advantage of your son's moderation, pluming himself on a false courage. He took occasion to quarrel with him at play in so pointed a manner, that

that Charles could not refrain from shewing his indignation by his looks. I will give you their conversation word for word.

Charles. Methinks, Sir, you do not seem to take much pleasure in this game, had not we better leave off?

Stukely, (throwing the cards on the table.) Very true. There is very little pleasure in playing with people who understand nothing of the game.

Charles. It is very possible; I do not understand it so well as you by a great deal: I do not play so much.

Stukely. If you are not better informed in other things, I fear you will find it somewhat difficult to support the honour that you so lately obtained.

Charles. I do not look upon the science of gaming to be absolutely necessary to this purpose. But let us talk of something else if you please. you have a very pretty snuff-box.

Stukely. You would like such an one perhaps with your new dignity.

Charles. It would be quite useless to me; I do not take snuff. I think it better not to accustom myself to it at my age.

Stukely. Do you mean by that that I am wrong in taking it?

Charles.

Charles. By no means. I have nothing to say against what you or your parents think proper.

Stukely. My parents have nothing to do in this business; it is sufficient that I like it.

Charles. Very well. Each according to his own way of thinking.

Stukely. What a dutiful little boy! He won't take a pinch of snuff without asking leave of his papa and mama.

Charles. It is very true, I do nothing without consulting them.

Stukely. I ought not to be surprized at this: you are not so old as I am yet, therefore are not fit to think and act for yourself. You want time for improvement.

Charles. I hope indeed to be better informed when I come to your age.

Stukely. Do you mean to insult me, Sir? by telling me that you are better informed than I am!

Charles. Better than you, Sir? I am incapable of so gross a rudeness. You must certainly comprehend what I said, that at your age I hope to be better informed than I am now.

Stukely. You have the art of evading your own words.

Charles.

Charles. No, Sir. I think before I speak: my words, therefore, need no evasion.

Stukely. Enough. Shall we go in the garden together?

Charles. With all my heart, Sir. I have no objection.

Stukely rose up hastily, putting his hand to his sword: Charles calmly laid his in an armed chair, and followed Stukely with a firm air. I waited till they were out of the room, intending to follow them, as I perceived plainly that Stukely meant to pick a quarrel. They walked at some distance from each other towards a little grove at the farther end of the garden. I went a shorter way to the same place, and hid myself behind a clump of trees, where I could conveniently listen to their conversation, which was as follows.

Stukely. Where is your sword? You had it on just now.

Charles. True, Sir: but I left it in the house.

Stukely. Go and fetch it, if you please.

Charles. Why, pray? I do not want my sword to walk in the garden.

Stukely.

Stukely. No: but you want it to repair the offence that you have given me.

Charles. The offence! It is somewhat strange that I should have offended you without knowing it.

Stukely. You have offended me, however, and I only waited till we were alone to take notice of it.

Charles. You might as well then have done that before. I should not be afraid of witnesses to what had passed between us, conscious as I am that it is against my principles to offend any one.

Stukely. To what end are all these words; fetch your sword. I will either have satisfaction, or you must ask my pardon.

Charles. Ask you pardon, Sir! Had I offended you I should not wait till you required it: but as the matter stands it is perfectly useless.

Stukely. But why did you leave your sword when you saw that I wore mine?

Charles. What was this to me, Sir? I see no reason why I must regulate my actions by yours.

Stukely. It was, however, to say the least, a great imprudence on your part.

Charles.

Charles. As how, pray? Had I taken you for an assassin I should doubtless have kept my sword. Then indeed you would have had cause to take offence.

Stukely. You put me out of patience; my sword is now in the scabbard, but take notice, I advise you to beware.

Charles. I am very easy, Sir, having nothing to fear.

Stukely. Nothing to fear? Do you expect that I can bear without resentment, that a person of inferior birth to myself, and my junior by four years, should arrive at a preferment which I think I have a better right to?

Charles. You have been a long while in coming to the point. I guessed that this was at the bottom of your displeasure. You are very good to give yourself the trouble to envy it me, when I do not envy you the advantage of your high birth.

Stukely. What, do you despise this advantage then?

Charles. Certainly not, but I should be very foolish to be jealous of it, or to dispute it with you sword in hand.

Stukely. Why so, pray?

Charles.

Charles. Because my sword can no more take your birth from you, than yours can the post which the king has been pleased to confer on me. Reflect upon this; and then tell me, whether there is any occasion for us to cut each other's throats.

Stukely. But people fight often to prove their skill in the sword.

Charles. We may as well do this with our foils; and I will, if you please, meet you at the fencing school, where we may try our skill to the utmost, and settle this grand quarrel.

Stukely. Do you laugh at me?

Charles. God forbid: but I must confess, I fear, our duel will be laughed at, and that the world will say, here are two young cowards who have agreed together to give each other a scratch to make a parade of their courage. Will you listen to me, and accept of a satisfaction which will suit us both much better?

Stukely. What is it?

Charles. It is this: that in all things in which you are really my superior, I shall never blush to acknowledge you as such; and that I believe you have the same sentiments with regard to me.

Stukely

Stukely, (putting up his sword.) Well then, it is I that ought first to render you the homage so justly your due. Yes, amiable Grandison, you have conquered, and I yield to you. You have made me but too sensible of the unworthiness of my behaviour. Would you could but pardon me as sincerely as I reproach myself!

Charles. Enough, Sir; I have no longer any resentment.

Stukely. Let this scene, I conjure you, remain for ever a profound secret. It is enough for me to carry about me the remembrance of it, without meeting the reproaches of others.

Charles. Be easy, Stukely: I give you my hand as a pledge of my secrecy.

Stukely. And I receive it with confidence: I do not dare to ask your friendship; but let me live in the hope of obtaining it, by assisting to make me more worthy.

After having embraced, the two young men returned back together into the house. Nobody knew any thing of this adventure. It redounds as much to the honour of your son, as to the disgrace of his adversary, had he not in some sort repaired it by the last part of his behaviour. Throughout the whole of this delicate circumstance,

stance, Charles manifested a courage without rashness, and moderation without weakness. Though young and unarmed, he knew how to bring his adversary to terms by the force of his reason. In a word, I know not which the most to admire in him, his prudence, or his intrepidity.

LETTER XXII.

WILLIAM DANVERS TO HIS MOTHER.

OCTOBER 2.

MY friend Charles is at length returned, my dear mama. What was our joy at seeing him again. The moment of his return served as a signal for a feast. Without saying any thing to Mr. Grandison, the young boys of the village had erected, with the bows of trees, a triumphal arch at the entrance of the avenue. The young girls, in their best attire, waited with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before him. It was by a cry of, Long live Charles Grandison, that his approach was first announced

to us. We immediately ran to meet him, Mrs. Grandison leading the way. He threw himself out of the carriage into the arms of his parents. Mrs. Grandison pressed him to her heart, bathing him with her tears; and Mr. Grandison, as he embraced him, strove in vain to conceal his. As for Emily, her arms seemed fastened round his neck; and Edward also was much rejoiced: though the eldest, he seemed to look up to his brother with a kind of respect. But, mama, I cannot describe to you what I felt. I wept, I sighed, as if I had been in trouble; whilst my heart was filled with the most lively joy. Ah, when it came to my turn to embrace him, how closely did I hold him in my arms! I thought of you at the same time. Ah, said I to myself, if I could but this moment carry my friend into the presence of my mama! The servants ran backwards and forwards, crying out with joy. They would have given the world to have embraced and kissed him as we did. No one was ever beloved like him; nor was any one ever so worthy of it. All the country people came yesterday evening, and danced under our windows; and to-night there was a general illumination throughout the village.

Charles has received this morning the compliments of all the neighbouring nobility. What an honour at his age! But he is not rendered proud by it: on the contrary, he is more modest than before. Is not this the best proof in the world that he is worthy of his dignity?

Just as we were sitting down to table, the old gardener Matthews came in: he is the husband of Mrs. Grandison's nurse. He lives about three miles off, on a pension allowed him by Mr. Grandison, upon which he passes a happy old age. He advanced slowly on his crutches to pay his compliments. Charles saw him at the end of the avenue, and ran to meet him. He took him by the hand, and brought him to his mother. He made him sit down to table next to himself. You see, mama, that honours have not changed the nature of my friend. A young page of honour makes an old gardener sit by his side, and serves him all dinner time! Not that I saw any thing so extraordinary in this, but I could perceive that Edward was inwardly astonished at it. I do not know how it is, said he to his brother after dinner, but this visit of Matthews seemed to give you more pleasure than all the rest. It is true, answered Charles: the words of
this

this honest man are not made up of vain compliments; they come from the heart. He would not, at his age, have walked three miles on his crutches to congratulate me, if he had not been sincerely rejoiced at my good fortune; and besides, ought I not to love him who had the care of dear mama's infancy? I am sure, he loves her as if she was his own daughter. Charles was in the right; for during the whole meal, I had my eyes fixed upon this good old man; and though he was in the gayest spirits, I could frequently observe his eyes filled with tears when he turned them towards Mrs. Grandison. The worthy Matthews wished to return home early because of the length of the walk; but in order to enjoy his company longer, Charles easily prevailed on his father to send him back in his carriage.

You may well imagine, my dear mama, that I could not be witness to all these scenes without figuring to myself the happy day on which I shall return to you. Alas, I shall have no place or dignities to bring back to you, but I shall at least have done all in my power to bring you back a heart less unworthy of your affection. No illuminations will celebrate my return; but I shall see your eyes, and those of my sister, shine

shine through their tears with all the brightness of joy. I shall receive no flattering compliments on the advancement of my fortune, but I shall receive from your mouth the words of love; I shall receive your kisses and caresses. I do not envy my friend the favours bestowed on him by the bounty of heaven: I feel that he deserves them better than I. But when I see him in the arms of his mother, I ask why am not I in those of my dear mama. I have nothing but you to love on earth, and I am far from you. You are all my riches, and I possess you not. O mama, my dear mama, I must break off: I must not give myself up to these cruel reflections. I should have strength enough, perhaps, to support them for myself alone, but not for you. It is not my own grief which I fear, it is yours. I should not dread afflictions, were it not for the fear of afflicting you.

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